

LIFE

TWO GREATEST MATADORS: THEIR PERILOUS DUEL SINKING THE 'ILE DE FRANCE'



SPACEMAN MEETS GAMBLER
AS TV PREPARES FOR FALL

SEPTEMBER 7, 1959



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DEEDS AND GESTURES IN THE GRAND MANNER

Not everyone can hit a home run with the bases loaded and two out in the last of the ninth. Going over Niagara Falls in a barrel has been done to death. Conducting pet panthers on leashes down the street is out of style, and, with income taxes the way they are, renting the *Queen Mary* for a private dinner-for-two is out of the question. Despite all the difficulties of improved civilization, however, people still do discover ways to make the big gesture and the grandstand play. When they do, it is a great pleasure to watch and report them. This week we supply you with seats for an assortment of plays which are heroic, heart-warming, or delightful and downright outrageous.



LINER AFTER FILMING

Our opening story is about an ancient sport in which life-and-death gestures are the normal thing. But never before in the history of bullfighting have two matadors competed more keenly in the arena, cut the margins of safety finer or drawn more tense gasps from the crowd than the two rivals we show. What we report, in some of the finest bullfighting pictures we have ever seen, is not just a spectacle. It is the classic poignant story of the old master pushed on by pride and by the challenge of a young competitor to make grand gestures that are too big and too dangerous.



IKE WITH THE PEOPLE

Though different from the Spanish way, the American way of doing things big can be equally hair-raising too—and outrageously comic. Our text article (pp. 86-89) this week deals with the grand manner of an American movie-maker who craves colossal realism regardless of the money spent. This obsession brings on an uneven battle of will power between him and a Japanese junk ship dealer because the producer strives to batter, burn, blow up and all but sink one of the largest luxury liners ever built. At the opposite Hollywood pole are the frenzied movie-makers described in our cover story (pp. 79-85) who mass-produce tales of derring-do for TV which are meant to look colossal but cost peanuts. American showmanship runs a smoother course in Moscow where Conductor Leonard Bernstein's highly charged, expressive music-making gets thunderous ovations from the Russian audience.

A gesture of a graver sort—and with it deeds and dealings of utmost world importance—are in the making as President Eisenhower gets ready for his conference with Khrushchev by a tour of Germany, England and France. Our story shows how Ike, with his radiating warmth, draws the people of Western Europe to him and is given in return a spontaneous wholehearted welcome which assures him of their confident support in his great undertaking.



ORDÓÑEZ AT THE KILL



MASTERSON ON SET

COVER

Making TV films for the fall, Bill Lundigan as one of the *Men into Space* and Gene Barry as gambler *Bat Masterson* meet on a lunar landscape set (see pp. 79-85)

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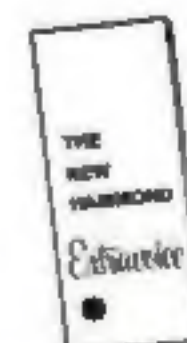
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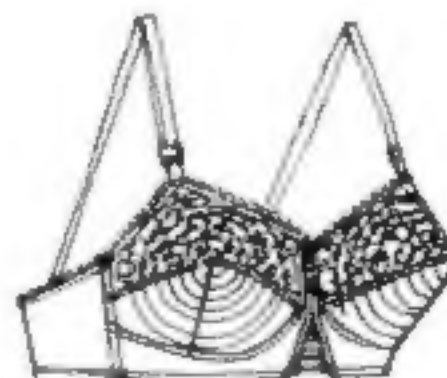


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(A tribute to the one out of ten Americans for whom September 7th is a working day.)

To policemen, firemen, park groundkeepers;
Dairymen, cattlemen, harvesters, reapers;
Postal clerks, behind the scene;
Rangers, keeping forests green;
Merchant seamen; ferryboat crews;
Watchful G-men; keepers of zoos;
Commercial trawlers, hauling in nets;
Fish-hatchery workers, animal "vets";
Music makers; deft magicians;
Ticket-takers; skilled physicians.

To guards at factories, mines and mills;
Nurses ministering to our ills;
Hospital staffs and administrators;
Café barmen, waitresses, waiters;
Bridge operators; railroad conductors;
Museum curators; tennis instructors;
Newsboys, reporters, newspaper ad-men;
TV performers, both good guys and bad-men;
Amusement park joymakers; animal toymakers;
Printers of pages; performers on stages.

To trailer-truck manipulators, passing sleepy towns;
Elevator operators, sharing ups and downs;
Milkmen running with their bottles;
Pilots gunning up their throttles.
And beyond "one out of ten," here's to yet another,
As hard at work as anyone—a fond salute to mother.
To those here mentioned and those who are not,
a grateful toast we serve,
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A Painter's World of Fantasy

At first glance, the paintings of René Magritte seem as realistic as picture postcards. At second glance they are as fantastic as a dream. Skies suddenly appear to be ceilings (*above*), shoes sprout toes, cigar boxes puff smoke, easel paintings dissolve into landscapes (*opposite*). What starts out as fool-the-eye realism ends up as a fool-the-mind surrealism.

Creating double-takes in art is Magritte's stock in trade. In his home in Brussels he has spent the past three decades rearranging reality on canvas. "consciously searching the unknown." The results are occasionally as puzzling to the artist as to the observer. Sometimes, he admits, "when I look at my painting I think I am in the heart of mystery and there is nothing in the world which can explain it."

SKY (*above*) resembling ceiling suggests "our vision is limited, we're imprisoned by reality." Spectator in derby represents "the presence of man."

FEATHER (*below*) dramatizes "invisible force" that supports the Tower of Pisa. This time sky is made of blocks since "we only see pieces of sky."



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MERGING LANDSCAPES of a painted canvas and a window view demonstrate the thin line between illusion and reality. The canvas can be distinguished from the view outside only by the presence of the wooden bracket on top of the easel

and the barely visible outline of the side edges. Magritte conceived the painting while taking a drive in the country. When he found that he had mistaken a distant tower for a paved road, he realized "how inclined I was to be deceived."



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PAINTER'S WORLD CONTINUED



CALM CRAFTSMAN, Magritte looks notably unmysterious, as stolid as giant stone chair depicted on the canvas beside him.

Trips into sur-reality from a routine life

Mystery has always been a prime preoccupation of Magritte. "When I was a child," he recalls, "at night I would have suddenly a feeling of anxiety. Now I know it signifies a sense of mystery, of the unknown. I want to show reality in such a way that it evokes this mystery because it is the only thing that doesn't change." Magritte's own life, however, seems singularly lacking both in mystery and in change. Born in Lessines, Belgium in 1898, he has seldom ventured outside his native land. Since leaving the Brussels Art Academy in 1918, he has devoted himself to painting, chess, writing and reading. His middle-class home, presided over by his wife, is scrupulously tidy, even to the easel standing on an oriental rug in the living room.

The order and routine of Magritte's life provide a secure springboard for his "trips into sur-reality." Inspired both by dreams and daily observations, he meticulously works out, through hundreds of sketches, the "unforeseen images" that appear logical yet "can't accord with our everyday ideas." He produces about 50 paintings a year which sell at prices up to \$10,000. But money is of little interest to Magritte. "There's nothing I want . . . I live by habit. But" he adds with a smile, "I have never thought life was indispensable."



STUDY IN STONE was created to emphasize that a painting is an image—not reality. Entire scene seems to be hewn from rock.

Arthur Mackenzie

The only way you can reduce your taxes

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"Direct and indirect taxes are, in fact, a major part of overhead of every business. And they always have to be paid. By you."

* * *

Arthur Mackenzie is Assistant Manager of our Tax Division.

His logic, we think, highlights a simple truth: You cannot lower your own tax burden by increasing someone else's.

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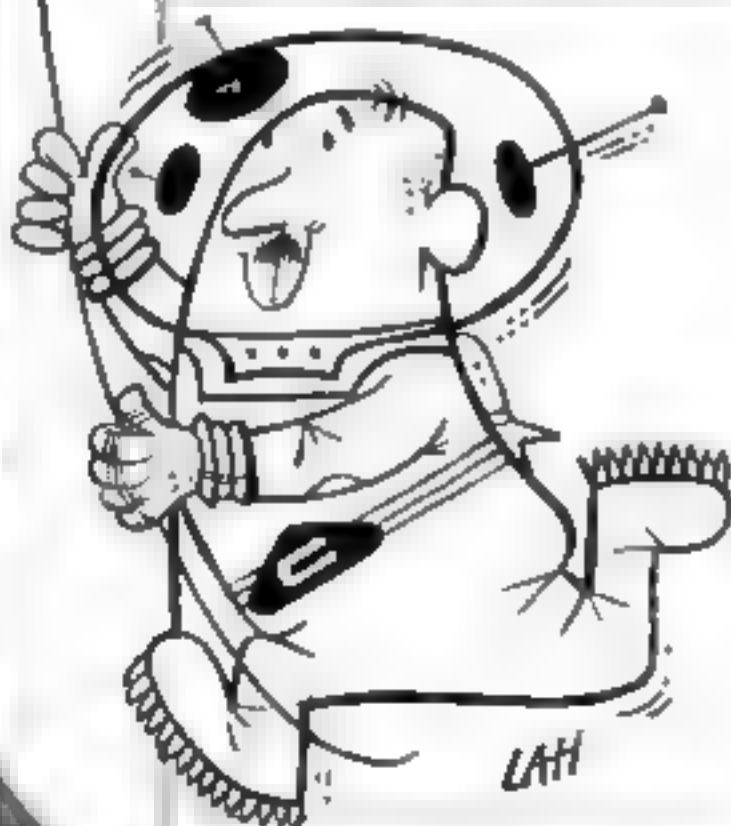


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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TUSCANY

Sirs:

Your photographic essay, "Tuscany, the Renaissance Revisited" (LIFE, Aug. 17), was penetrating and beautiful. We look forward to more such fine presentations of history and the arts.

R. V. VITTECCI

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

As a small boy I roamed the hills of Tuscany on a donkey cart, stripping leaves off maple trees to feed the family's silkworms.

You can imagine my feelings when I read your wonderful essay on my birthland. It summed up everything I have been trying to convey to my three American sons.

MARINO MARCHIO

Antioch, Calif.

Sirs:

Gjon Mili's color photograph of the Carrara quarries is one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen.

WILFRED B. FEIGA

Worcester, Mass.

Sirs:

Your article on Tuscany was very good, except that your references to Savonarola do not give him due respect. In his day he was famous throughout all Europe, as a prophet, gifted speaker, man of God, respecter of moral virtue in both the church and state. Savonarola fought fearlessly against the vice and corruption which he found so rampant in his age.

HILDA HOPKINS

St. Paul Park, Minn.

Sirs:

The description of the sculpture on the Medici tombs contained two historical errors. Lorenzo's death did not occur in 1519, as you said, but 27 years earlier in 1492. The year of Giuliano de' Medici's death was given as 1516 whereas he was assassinated in the Duomo on April 26, 1478.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

New York, N.Y.

● The Michelangelo sculptures were done not for the tombs of Lorenzo the Magnificent and his brother Giuliano but for those of Lorenzo's son, Giuliano, and grandson, Lorenzo. — ED.

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Sirs:

You showed a picture of the statue David standing in the Piazza della Signoria in Florence referring to it as Michelangelo's statue of David. Actually, it is only a copy. The original once stood in that spot but in 1873 was transferred to the Accademia di Belle Arti.

DANIEL WEIR HARDY

Abingdon, Ill.

Sirs:

I wonder how many LIFE readers appreciate the learning, knowledge, research and art work required to give us such masterpieces of history as Tuscany, the Darwin series, et al. I for one want you to know I think your editorial efforts are tops.

AMOS D. BIRHANS

Annapolis, Md.

MISCELLANY

Sirs:

That poor fireman had his troubles ("Fireman Gets His Fill," LIFE, Aug. 17). But nonchalant 4-year-old Carol Ann Noel seems to have doped out how to get her fill a drier way.

FRANKLIN KING

York, Pa.



NO NOSE WOES FOR CAROL ANN

VANISHING COUNTRYSIDE

Sirs:

Thinking people will applaud you for having dedicated space to a subject of such vital concern to present-day and future Americans ("A Plan To Save Vanishing U.S. Countryside," LIFE, Aug. 17).

The vast acreage being gobbled up by urban sprawl each year includes about one million acres of land suitable for cultivation. Some day we may wish we had not buried so much of this productive land under steel and concrete. We have plenty of land but only a limited amount of productive land. Wherever possible, productive land should not be permanently converted to nonagricultural uses.

GLADWIN YOUNG

Acting Administrator

Soil Conservation Service

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

LIFE does a great service for America by publicizing such articles. Only through education and an instilled realization that our open spaces are fast running out will concerted action perpetuate what still remains.

CLAIR L. KUCERA

Columbia, Mo.

CONTINUED

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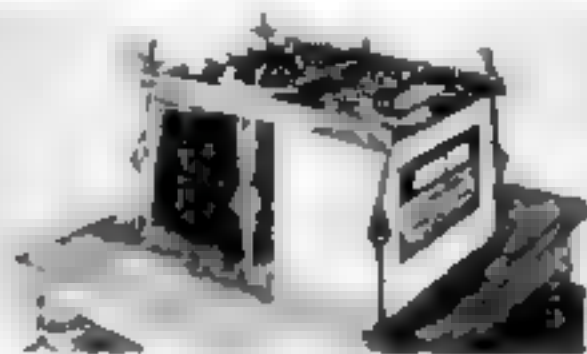
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

Sirs:

Thanks for at least once dividing the responsibility for urban sprawl between the speculative builder and the community. We builders are held to be the cause and effect and usually wind up as the whipping boy. Taking the whole load has long been irksome.

Let Mr. Whyte's approach be tried. Builders will flock to it—as we have. We of Lindy Brothers have given up trying to prod suburban planning, and thrown our resources behind the Philadelphia Planning Commission project that you illustrate on page 89.

ALAN M. LINDY

Philadelphia, Pa.

ALPINE ELEPHANT

Sirs:

Richard Halliburton rated mention in your article, "Alpine Elephant without Hannibal" (LIFE, Aug. 17). In the early '30s, Halliburton borrowed an elephant named Elvisebethe Dalrymple, Dally for short, and retraced Hannibal's march across the Alps. He chose the Great St. Bernard Pass, reasoning that since it was one of the highest, snowiest and therefore a dangerous way to cross, it was probably one pass that would have been left unguarded by the Romans.

Heading right into the mountain war games of the Italian alpine army, the elephant bolted in panic—straight through a company of Italian soldiers. How much closer could one duplicate the Carthaginian invasion!

F. W. SOMMER

Electra, Texas



HALLIBURTON ON DALLY

DUPED AMERICANS

Sirs:

"How Americans Were Duped into Blochy Castro Fiasco" (LIFE, Aug. 17) once again emphasizes the fact that Cuba has replaced one dictator with another.

ARTHUR V. MILONA

Clifton Forge, Va.

Sirs:

You have given aid to Trujillo and are guilty of ridiculing our right to stand in the world of free men in dignity. In spite of you or all the money Trujillo spends, we will win and be proud of fighting with our hearts and souls in the name of God, love and true liberty.

MARIA PERDOMO

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

History has a way of repeating itself. There were some other Americans, once, who were stupid enough

to join General Washington. In return they got nothing but bad luck and bad pay. They even froze at Valley Forge—something the boys who enlisted against Trujillo did not have to do—and some of them died or were killed.

EDWARD J. MARION

New York, N.Y.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Sirs:

The caption under the picture "Dr. Tom Dooley at Work in Laos" is incorrect (Letters to the Editors, LIFE, Aug. 17). That is not a picture of the doctor, but of Peter Kessey, one of the boys who was with Dr. Dooley in Laos in 1956. Here is a picture of Dr. Dooley with two young patients.

ELISABETH M. WIKAWITZ

St. Paul, Minn.



DR. THOMAS DOOLEY

Sirs:

Your efforts on behalf of the New White Fleet make me proud to be a citizen of a country which displays such press freedom and responsibility.

C. O. DE RIEMER

Fresno, Calif.

SPUNKY WOMENFOLK

Sirs:

Having just read the story of how Paul Engle's daughters took control of those convicts, and probably saved the day for the family ("Poet's Tribute to Spunky Womenfolk," LIFE, Aug. 17), may I say that I think that the whole family deserves some sort of medal for coolness and bravery far above what most people would have displayed under such circumstances.

Paul Engle can be mighty proud of his girls!

DOUGLAS WILSON

Providence, R.I.

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Some mornings the whole world—including the barn—looks brighter.

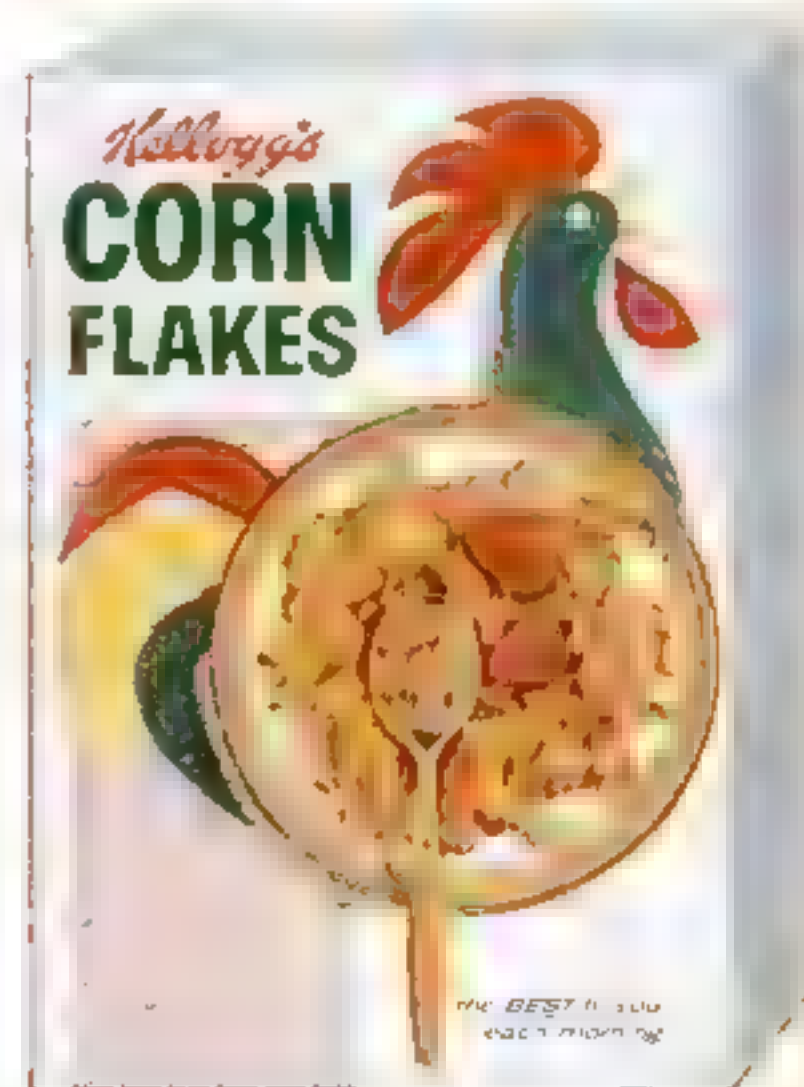
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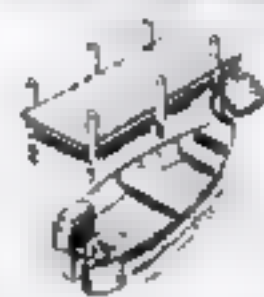
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LIFE

Vol. 47, No. 10 September 7, 1959

HISTORIC DUEL OF MATADORS STIRRING DRAMA IN SPAIN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE
BY LARRY BURROWS
AND JAMES BURKE



THE OLD CHAMPION, LUIS MIGUEL DOMINGUÍN, PROUDLY DISPLAYS BULL'S EAR, TROPHY OF A KILL

CHALLENGER, ANTONIO ORDÓÑEZ, HOLDS HOOF AND TAIL AWARDED FOR SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE



For 10 weeks all Spain has been excited by the most spectacular sporting event in a generation, a series of bullfights matching a brave old champion of the ring and a brilliant young challenger. The rivals traveled from town to town, taking on the best bulls to be had and pulling enormous crowds to the arenas. It was as if, in the U.S., the World Series had been put on the road.

The rival matadors were Luis Miguel Dominguín, 33, and Antonio Ordóñez, 27, brother-in-law of Dominguín and his good friend. Dominguín has been considered by most Spaniards to be *número uno*, the first in the bull ring. It was 12 years ago that the *número uno* of the time, Manolete, was fatally gored by a bull because, in trying to remain champion, he was taking chances he ought not to take. The young challenger who forced him to take these chances was Luis Miguel Dominguín.

Now Dominguín knew how Manolete felt. At the meetings with Ordóñez called *mano a mano* (hand to hand), each matador took on three bulls and was rewarded, depending on his performance, with the trophies of ears, hooves, tails. Both rose to new heights—Ernest Hemingway called the exhibition at Málaga "one of the greatest I've ever seen." But Dominguín lagged behind his young rival in the judgment of the critics and was pushed into recklessness. Last week he was gored for a second time (pp. 30, 31). Here LIFE reports on the historic rivalry in some of the finest pictures ever taken of the savage Spanish spectacle.

READY FOR THE KILL, Ordóñez carefully sights along sword before making fatal thrust over horns.





TRIUMPHANT ENTRANCE into the Bayonne bull ring jam-packed with shirt-sleeved fans is led by the two friendly rivals, Ordóñez (*left*) and Dominguín. The

elaborate and traditional procession which precedes the day's six fight program includes each matador's retinue of picadors, *bandereros* and sword-bearers.



DOMINGUIN stands impassively at entrance to the bull ring at Málaga. Here he → broke tradition that requires gold costumes for matadors, wore silver and black



ORDÓÑEZ, attired in his glittering *traje de luces* (suit of lights), surveys the crowded bull ring with proper hauteur just before going out to fight at Málaga



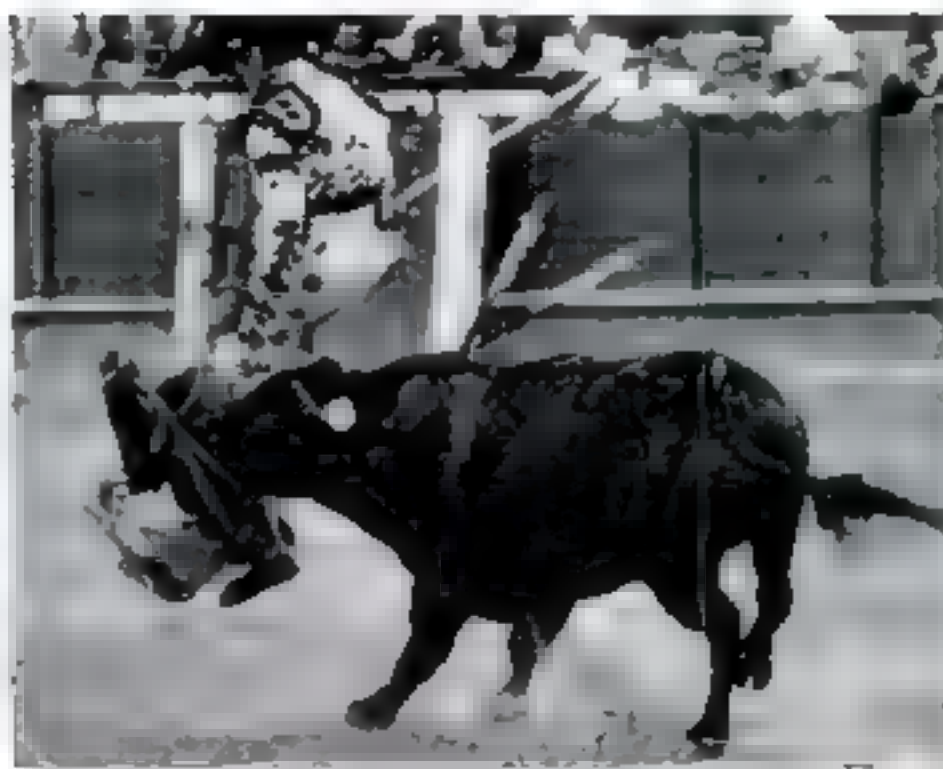


INTENT ORDÓÑEZ (*above*) completes low pass with his muleta, a small red cape, to lead the bull around him during a *faena*, last act of fight before the kill

CASUAL DOMINGUÍN, in an attitude of "no concern," performs a difficult high pass, leading the angry bull close to his hip. Sword is underneath the muleta



THE CLOSE CALLS BOLDLY INVITED—AND ONE TOO CLOSE



DOMINGUÍN'S DARING almost brought him to grief during his last fight of the day at Málaga. Perched precariously at the ring barrier (*left*), he made

several dangerous passes. But finally he led the bull just a shade too close, found himself hooked between the legs (*center*) and thrown onto the bull's back.



TOSSED HIGH BY THE ENRAGED BULL, WHICH SENSES MOMENT FOR REVENGE, DOMINGUÍN CARTWHEELS CRAZILY THROUGH THE AIR TO ROUGH LANDING



THE RECOVERY is quick. As Dominguín lies helpless on the ground (*left*) his assistants rush in to divert the bull. Rising, he dramatically refuses all

offers of help (*center*), goes on to make a superlative kill. Bloodied but not seriously hurt (*right*), he strides from ring with hat raised to cheering crowd.



MATADOR AT HOME, Ordóñez cuddles daughters Ana, 3, Carmen, 4, during break in fight schedule.



TRAVELING WITH HEMINGWAY (right), Ordóñez (center) listens intently as Dominguito (left)

expounds on the matador's art during flight from Málaga to Bayonne, France. Hemingway is a warm



PRAYING BEFORE FIGHT at Málaga, Ordóñez goes through a ritual that is traditional with all matadors. He prayed that both he and bulls will be brave.

WINNER'S FLAWLESS FORM AND 'PAPA'S' HIGH PRAISE

Most bullfight *aficionados* now agree that Antonio Ordóñez is one of the greatest matadors of all time. At 27 he is still learning and will undoubtedly become even better. In the *mano a mano* series, he has cut a total of 27 trophies to 10 for Dominguito and he can lay justifiable claim to the ranking of *número uno*.

Ordóñez was literally born to bullfighting. His father was Niño de la Palma, a fine matador who was the model for Hemingway's matador in *The Sun Also Rises*. Five of his sons were attracted to the bull ring. Antonio began fighting bulls at 14 and became a matador at 19. He had only sporadic success until last year when he suddenly blossomed into greatness and lured Dominguito out of semiretirement with his superlative performances. Their fierce rivalry this season has had bull ring operators everywhere clamoring for their services. The demand makes for a rugged travel schedule but it has also brought an increase in their take. Last year Ordóñez grossed \$300,000. This year he may top half a million. Dominguito, still trading on a great reputation built up over the years, will probably make even more.

Ordóñez and Dominguito fight in two sharply contrasting styles. Dominguito has been typed a *torero largo* because he is more the showman, uses a complete repertoire of extremely dangerous passes and is absolutely fearless. Ordóñez, on the other hand, is a *torero fino* who uses fewer passes but executes them with delicate and daring skill (pictures at far right). His movements in the ring are relatively slow, with a flowing rhythm rarely seen in bullfighting. His classic style has captured the imagination of hundreds of thousands, especially Hemingway, who has been traveling with Ordóñez all summer long in the role of unofficial adviser and Number One admirer. Says "Papa" Hemingway, who has seen all the great ones, back to the storied Belmonte, "I have never seen a bullfighter, at any time, better than Ordóñez in these *mano a manos*."



personal friend of both matadors, went to all *nono a matas* between the two rivals as they toured

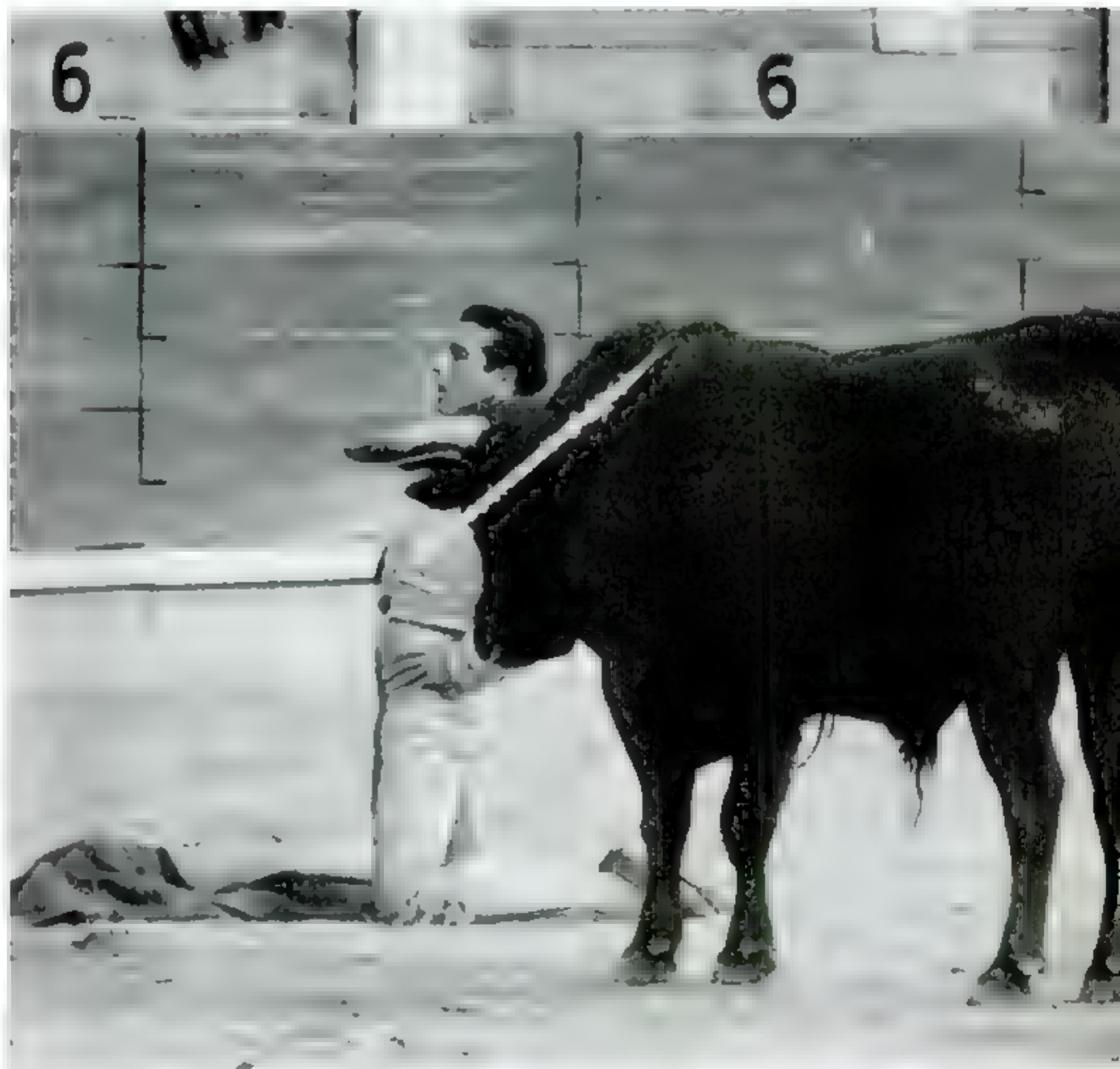


CHARACTERISTIC CARE is taken by Ordóñez as he sizes up his bull before the fight, plans tactics



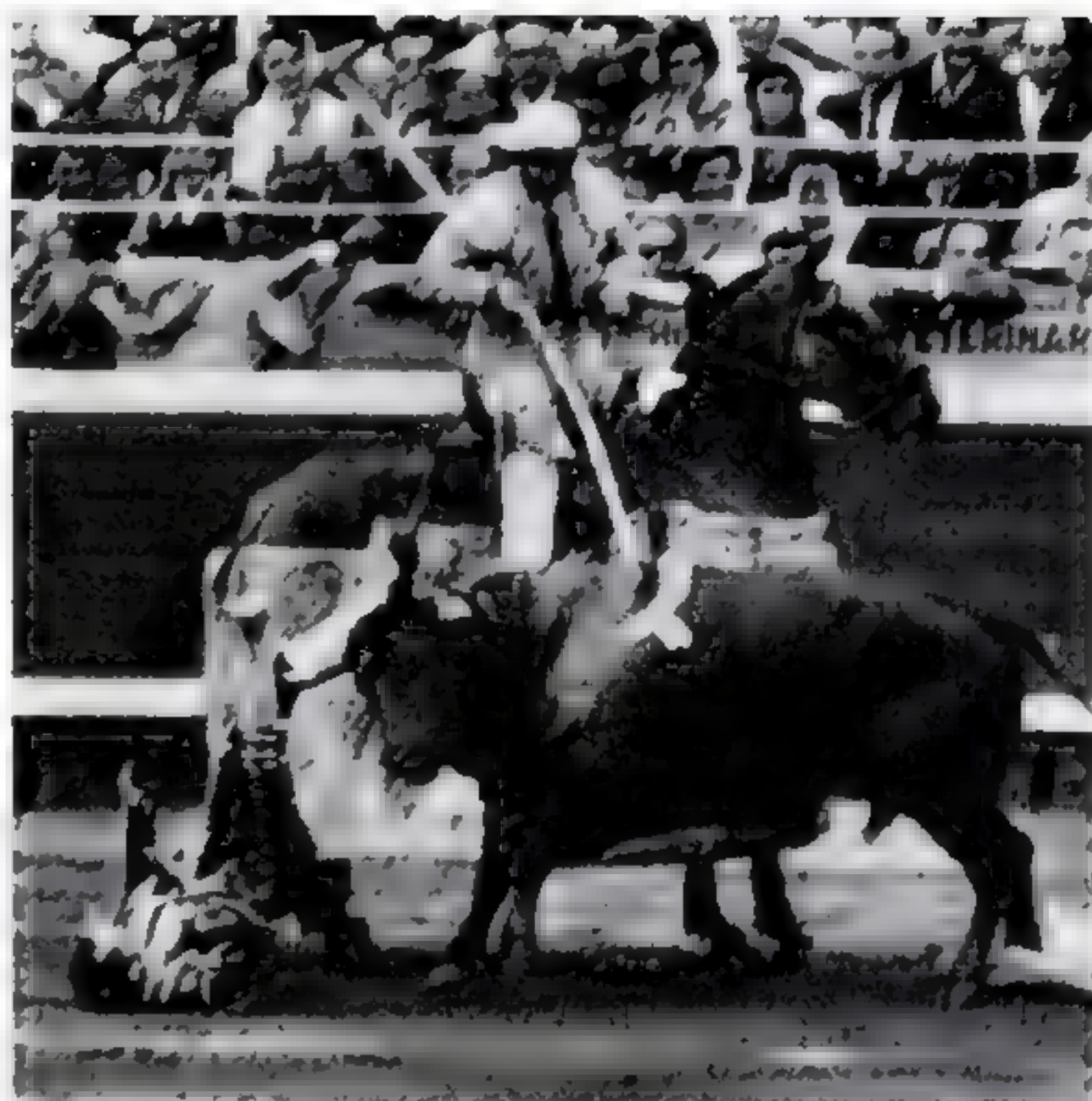
CHARACTERISTIC SKILL is displayed by Ordóñez as he executes a hazardous pass, deftly leading the

bull behind him. He leans away only slightly, his feet firmly planted, as the bull's horns brush past



CHARACTERISTIC COURAGE is shown as Ordóñez kneels and leans perilously close to horns of

bull, momentarily mesmerized into inaction by his passes. He must move carefully before bull recovers



DOMINGUÍN'S DOWNFALL comes as he tries to lead bull to mounted picador. Bull's left horn catches him in the groin, throws him up against horse

(upper left). He falls to turf (upper right). As he lies motionless, *terron* in to distract bull so assistants can remove the fallen matador from scene

HARD-PRESSED OLD MASTER AND PRICE OF RECKLESSNESS

Just as he drove Manolete to fatal recklessness 12 years ago, Dominguín now finds himself pressed into ever increasing risks in order to hold his own against Ordóñez this year. At Valencia earlier this summer, he was gored and forced into three weeks of idleness. But Dominguín grew restless, could not wait to return to the bull ring. His wounds were still not completely healed at Málaga where he was again tossed (p. 27). Though his knee was hurt, he refused to take time off to recover. At Bilbao,

where he was determined to outshine Ordóñez, he paid the price (*tabaco*).

Still troubled by the knee, he started a routine maneuver he had done a thousand times before—leading the bull to the picador. But this time he was a fraction of a second slow getting out of the way, was gored painfully in the groin and sidelined for most of the rest of the season. As they watched this bolder and bolder flirting with death, aficionados recalled Manolete and wondered how much longer Dominguín could last.





CURB SERVICE, a bath in a basin, is provided for baby by mother on main street of Luang Prabang.



THE TALE OF A TROUBLED PARADISE

In southeast Asia the Chinese Reds were again making threatening moves. Not only had their troops invaded northern India but for weeks they had been arming and supplying a rebellion in the kingdom of Laos whose indolent but engaging people are described in an on-the-spot story.

VIENTIANE, LAOS

THE land of the million elephants and of the white parasol, more conveniently referred to as Laos, is an improbable little landlocked country of affable, gentle, easygoing people who would like nothing better than to be left alone.

Laotians have resisted the 20th Century fairly successfully. Never bothering to take an accurate census, they casually estimate their population at two million, give or take a half million. They are not keen on economic data, especially after a recent stab at statistics revealed a 98% deficit in their trade balance. They have never fussed much with telephones or modern sanitation or bathtubs. Their best hotel, grandly named the Settha Palace, is a dilapidated bungalow where guests are jarred at dawn by geese honking under their windows.

Except for a few vintage planes, there are no travel facilities in Laos. A few years ago someone ambitiously built a railroad station at the town of Savannakhet, but the railroad itself has yet to be started. The main highway north from the capital of Vientiane, a city of 120,000, known in Sanskrit as Candapurissattanagama-hanagara, is paved for only eight miles from the center of town to a point just past the defense minister's tennis court in the suburbs.

Foreigners in Laos may be exasperated by primitive inefficiency and shattering inertia, but as Crown Prince Savang Vatthana once told an American reporter, no Laotian ever suffered a nervous breakdown. Language is a key to behavior. The most common phrase in the local idiom, delivered with a nod of the head, is "*be pen nyan*." It means anything from "It doesn't matter" to "Who cares?"

In Laos it is downright bad taste to work more than absolutely necessary. The acquisition of wealth is considered both pointless and

sinful. A man cultivates only as much land as he needs to feed everyone in his family, dividing the property into one strip for each member of the household. If a baby is born, he clears an additional strip and works it. If grandmother dies, he promptly abandons the parcel of soil that provided her food. The main cash crop in the whole kingdom is opium, grown in the form of white poppies in the mountains by strange, primitive Meo tribesmen.

The Meos, who are said to be of Eskimo origin, encourage the rumors that they are werewolves, that they can transform themselves into tigers, and that they dine on the livers of their slain enemies. They come down from their heights mainly to sell opium to smugglers. Figures are hard to find, but Laos may well produce a third of the world's opium.

The Laotians' casually amorous nature has alternately appalled and delighted foreigners. One of the first Europeans to enter Laos, a Dutch merchant called Gerrit van Wuysthoff, arrived at the town of Lakhon in 1641 and promptly wrote in his journal, "This city is undoubtedly the most shockingly pagan spot in all the world." The Laotians' amiable attitude toward sex has not changed since then. Some of their festivals, called *bouns*, start out with solemn holy ceremonies and then whirl into something resembling a Rio carnival. Even the lesser *bouns* throughout the year are not complete without love courts in which everybody makes offerings to a primeval Venus. Girls of the Meo tribes reportedly wait in "sacred groves" to bestow themselves on any passing male, strangers included. When the French army was in the region it supposedly owned several detailed maps with the groves marked with military precision. The maps, of course, were top secret.

Buddhism is the chief religion in Laos, but it has been contaminated by spirit worship. Nobody, however pure or devout, would fail to adorn his garden with an ornate little birdhouse to shelter the spirits of the home and

family. In Laos spirits are called *phis*. They inhabit the sky and streams and crops and rocks and caves. Back in 1527 King Phothisarath issued a royal decree ordering the people to cease worshiping spirits, but like most reformers in Laos he failed. A happy feeling about the *phis* continues to this day.

About half the population of Laos is a crazy quilt of tribes and races: Ho, black and white Thai, Meo, Kha and others speaking dozens of dialects. The variety of races and persuasions in Laos, so the legend goes, grew out of the laziness of one of the gods. He had a melon patch he neglected and one afternoon a ripe melon swelled under the hot sun and burst, scattering its seeds to the four winds. Wherever a seed fell, a different race sprang up.



EXPOSED POSITION OF Laos, bordered by Red China and Red North Vietnam, is shown by map. Attacks began in two Communist northern provinces (shaded areas), now threaten Luang Prabang.



← **LAOS PRODUCT**, opium, is made from white poppies by female members of the mountain Meo tribe.

BAMBOO BRIDGE over Khan river can be conveniently taken down during the season of floods.

Laos, a dreamy land of poppy seeds, friendly girls and piquant history, is threatened by Red violence

by **STANLEY KARNOW**

TIME-LIFE Hong Kong Bureau Chief

This story is unlikely to hold water scientifically, but modern anthropologists are not so sure of their theories either. Some say that 700 years ago the Thai people (of whom most present-day Laotians are a branch) were driven from China by Kublai Khan's Mongols into what is present-day Laos. In the mythical Laotian version of this migration the tribe was led by a kind of national hero, Khoun Borom, riding "a white elephant with beautiful black lips and eyelids."

From such murkiness Laos' past emerges into something like recorded history with the birth of Chao Fa Ngom in the year 1316. Chao was born with 33 pointed teeth, a very bad omen. Sadly his father put him on a craft with 43 attendants and floated him down the Mekong River. Washed ashore, the child was found by a priest and taken to the court of a Cambodian king where he studied Buddhism and married the king's daughter. Given an army by his father-in-law, he proceeded north and conquered Laos. Chao called his new kingdom Lan Xang, the land of a million elephants. There are only 1,000 elephants in Laos today, but it is still called that.

The Laotians liked elephants even though they were always having trouble with them. One day in 1479, for example, Laotian King Saya Chakkaphat received a precious gift from a provincial governor: a rare white elephant 10 feet high. Eventually word of the splendid beast reached the ears of the king of what is now Vietnam. He sent an ambassador to the Laotian court with a request to borrow an elephant for an extended tour of Vietnam so his people could get a good look at one. Either as a practical joke or simply to be nasty, the prime minister of Laos collected some of the white elephant's dung and sent it to the king of Vietnam. In the war which followed, Laos barely repelled the Vietnamese invasion.

When the French took over the country at the end of the 19th Century, only the royal province of Luang Prabang remained of the land of a million elephants. Much of the country had been taken by Siam. Luang Prabang became a French protectorate and its king,

Sisavang Vong, was finally made ruler of all Laos when the nation was unified again in 1946.

The French, when they controlled the country, barely made their presence felt. Most of them were thoroughly delighted by the Laotian way of life. So deeply smitten with Laos was one French administrator, it is said, that when the Japanese occupied Indochina in 1941 he assembled his 31 Laotian concubines in his bungalow, applied a torch and carried himself and his harem to Nirvana in a blaze of glory.

After World War II a discontented Laotian prince, Souphanouvong, who wanted more independence, formed a movement called "Pathet Lao"—the Land of Lao—and joined the Communist-led Vietminh in war on France. When the war spread to Laos in 1953, the Vietminh set up the Pathet Lao units as a kind of "government" in the northern Laotian provinces. Despite Laos' final independence from France, these provinces and the Pathet Lao group have never been completely reconciled with the Laotian government.

Today it is the Pathet Lao fighters, used as pawns by Ho Chi Minh and the Red Chinese, who are bringing fear and death to peaceful villages.

The Laotian army, kept alive by U.S. aid, is not in good shape. It consists of 25,000 men. In addition there is a home guard which is paid 50¢ a month and performs accordingly. Last spring the Laos army was trying to round up two Pathet Lao battalions that were scheduled to become part of the Laos army. One battalion was caught, and the other was surrounded on a vast plain. One night, with the Laotian army on guard, all the surrounded Communist battalion escaped, taking wives and children with them. Asked to explain what had happened, the defense minister of Laos shook his head: "That is an extremely difficult question."

The entire Laotian air force is six old C-47 transports, two single-engine Beavers and 13 trained pilots. As a result Laotian troops are not getting the supplies they need to fight against a hit and run enemy. So far with only

about 4,000 men, the Communists have held the initiative in both guerrilla and psychological warfare. They operate in bands of 15 to 25, alternately wooing and terrorizing the backhill villages.

Last week the U.S., which has already sent \$250 million into Laos, announced it would keep sending arms and ammunition. But beyond material assistance, the U.S. seems unable to do more as long as she observes the limits on outside reinforcements in the 1954 Geneva agreement. So the issue of the struggle is up to the peace-loving Laotians. Thus, in this Year of the Pig, one of the world's last lands of peace and simplicity is being thrust onto the international stage, forced to perform a military role to which it is completely unsuited. It is very uncertain what will result. In a French guidebook written 34 years ago a now forgotten author wrote a prophetic preface: "It is to be feared that the Laotian will not be ready the day his country is opened to more intensive civilization. He will suffer cruelly."



IN TRADITIONAL NEW YEAR'S RITE, LAOS WOMAN SPLASHES MAN WITH WATER →

A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK



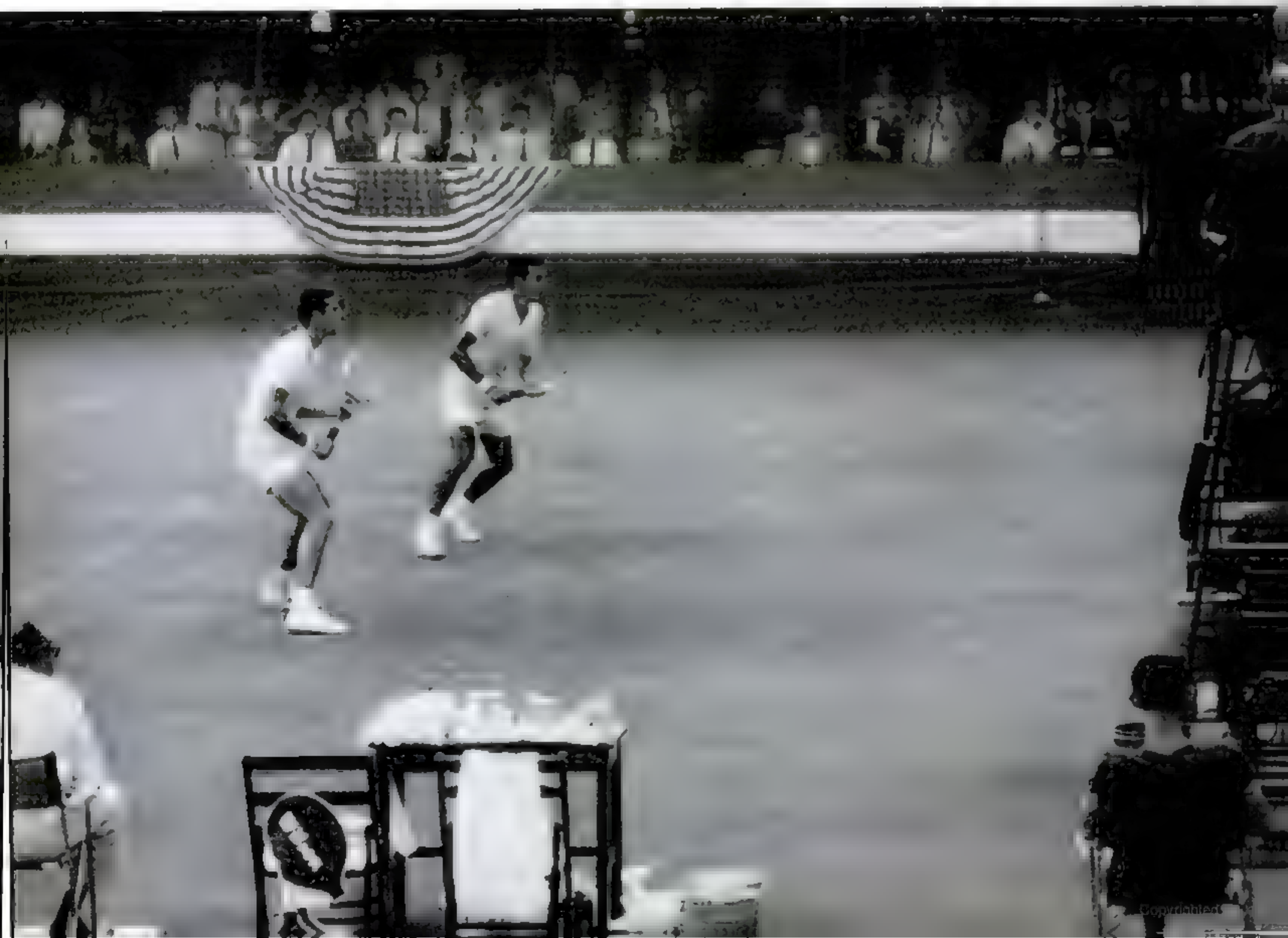
MINORITY LEADER'S VOCAL WORKOUT

Exercising his vocal cords for a nonpolitical occasion, Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen leads friends and colleagues through an impromptu rendition of *Alice Blue Gown* for benefit of Alice Roosevelt Longworth (seated, center) during a Washington garden party given in his honor.



MAJORITY LEADER'S BIG BLOWOUT

With a mighty gulp of air that sucked the flames toward his wide-open mouth, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson prepared to blow out all his birthday candles at a party given during American Legion national convention in Minneapolis. The senator is 51 and needed three blows.





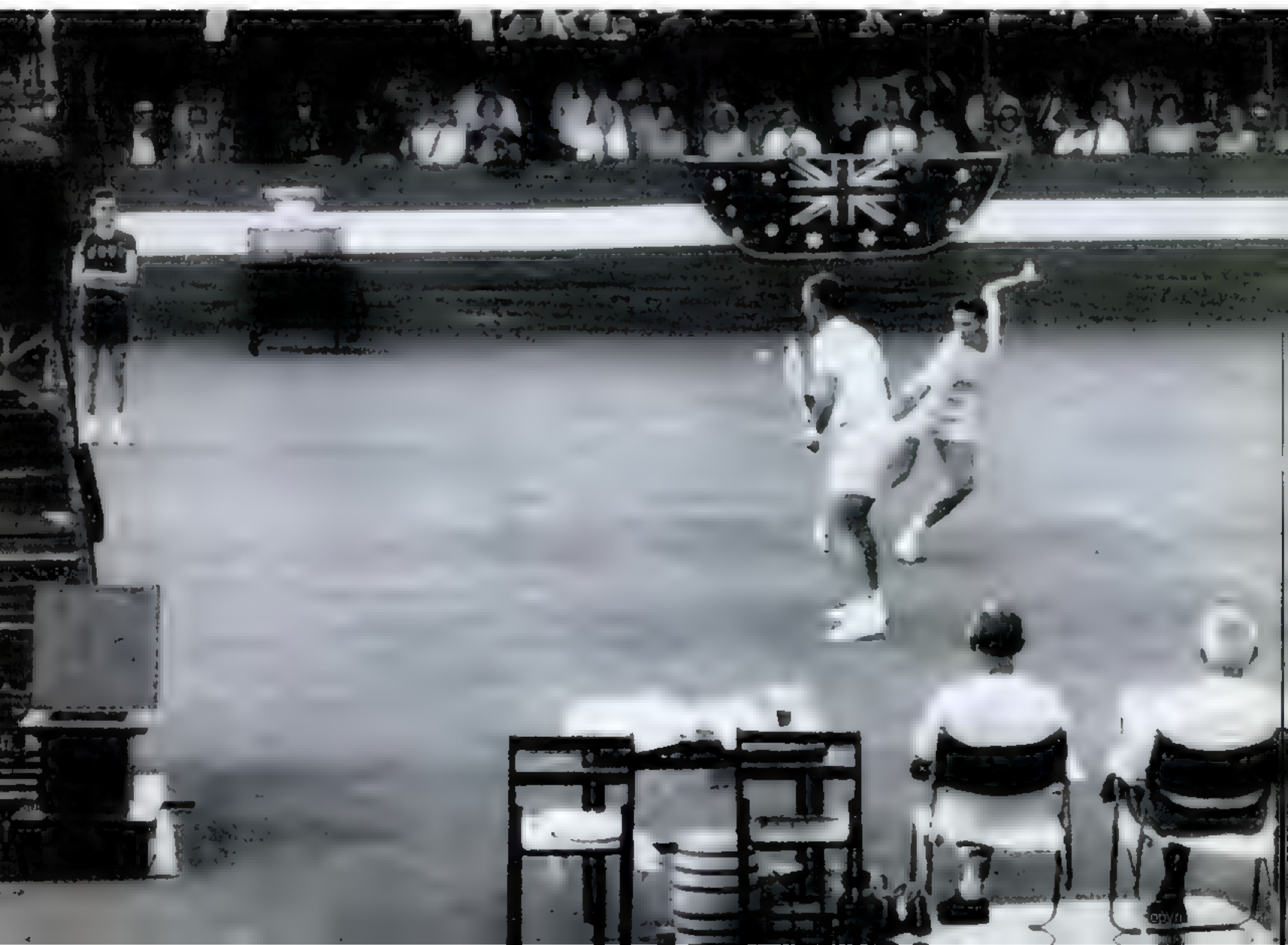
↑ NEW BASEBALL PITCH

A crucial baseball series opened on a light-hearted note in Los Angeles when the Dodgers held a baseball quartet contest before Giants game. Singing was great but the Giants won.

↓ DAVIS CUP PANORAMA OF PLAYERS AND PRIZE

A dual wide-angle camera shot catches the Davis Cup players and the prize they are playing for. At Forest Hills. Australia's Fawcett volleys past teammate Fraser toward America's

Olmedo and Buchholz (far left). Seated are U.S. Captain Jones (left), Aussie Captain Hopman (second from right). In background is the cup itself. Aussies won doubles in straight sets.





MOVING IN TO STOP THE GANG WARFARE FROM SPREADING, POLICE LINE UP TEEN-AGE GANG MEMBERS AGAINST A WALL ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE IN AN

SPORTSMEN vs. FORSYTHS: THE FRIGHTFUL AFTERMATH

For three years New York's Lower East Side had been remarkably peaceful. A truce among its teen-age gangs, supervised by a dedicated priest, had kept the streets relatively free of gang wars. But one night last week the peace came to an explosive end.

Beside a grassy plot in front of a big housing project where hundreds of people were enjoying a brief break in the hot spell, a homemade bomb went off. An evangelist haranguing a small crowd lost his audience when someone yelled, "Run for your lives!" A spray of bullets came from a passing car. A 15-year-old girl screamed and fell dead, a bullet in her head. Another girl was wounded and an altar boy was shot in the stomach.

The senseless tragedy culminated a series of preliminary rumbles between two gangs—the Sportsmen and the Forsyth Street Boys, with memberships predominantly Negro and Puerto

Rican. Earlier that evening Sportsmen had invaded Forsyth territory. Before they departed an 11-year-old boy going by on a bicycle had been shot through the nose and a 14-year-old mortally stabbed in the back. The Forsyth Boys retaliated with the bombing and shooting.

Before the night was over, more beatings and stabbings had taken place. Police arrested a 17-year-old who admitted firing his rifle several times into the crowd.

No one was more distressed by the tragic turn of events than Father C. Kilmer Myers (LIFE, Aug. 26, 1957), the chief keeper-of-the-peace on the Lower East Side. He turned the neighborhood's usually gay St. Augustine's Day celebration into a procession of mourning (right), sent groups of gang members off to summer camps for a cooling period, then let loose his wrath on the callousness and indifference that permitted the tragedy (next page).

IN ST. AUGUSTINE'S DAY PROCESSION LED BY





INTENSIVE SEARCH FOR CONCEALED WEAPONS



STILL ALIVE in hospital, 11-year-old Julio Rosario smiles at his mother. He had been stabbed in the back with a long hunting knife and one of his kidneys had to be removed in an emergency operation.



DEAD BOY, Julio Rosario succumbed 10 hours after the hospital picture at top was taken. Here he lies in a casket at funeral parlor. After he died, his 16-year-old brother, Hector, received telephone threats.

SORROWING FATHER MYERS, MEMBERS OF RIVAL GANGS WERE AMONG 250 MARCHERS. A SCHEDULED DANCE AND OTHER SOCIAL EVENTS WERE CANCELED



AFTERMATH CONTINUED

A PRIEST ANGERED BY PUBLIC APATHY

by THE REV. C. KILMER MYERS

WHEN gang terror struck this area in 1956, the clergymen and social workers of our Lower East Side Neighborhood Association urged that peace be sought not just through punishment but through the cooperation of the gang members themselves. We knew that within the gangs there was a leadership potential which could be used to bring about a lasting solution. We were right, I think, for a truce was indeed arranged by the boys with the support of adults whom they could trust. The truce lasted for three years because we set up grievance machinery so that the youths themselves could settle disputes peaceably.

Then why did we fail a few days ago?

We know the explanation, at least in part. It is a terrible thing to say, but the people of the City of New York simply do not care enough about what happens to the children who live in the tenements and the impersonal public housing projects. The people will not listen to the plea that the desperate needs of youth be met with adequate services. It is easier to punish. One important requirement is supervised recreation—sports programs and clubhouses that would enable the youngsters to develop under the watchful eyes of trained personnel. On the Lower East Side we never could get the money to engage expert workers to help the Forsyth Boys. Nor could we get help enough for the Sportsmen, the other gang involved in the violence. No one cared enough.

Our neighborhood is changing constantly. Old neighbors move out and new ones move in. Tensions are inevitable and new groups of teen-age boys spring up as "protective associations." They must establish themselves in their new neighborhoods and the only way they know is by force. When the established street clubs rise to meet the challenge of the newcomers, open conflict follows.

To meet this problem our association organized in each police precinct an action group of social workers, clergy, lawyers, youth patrolmen and ordinary citizens. When trouble seemed to be brewing, the appropriate action groups moved swiftly to prevent it. Frequently as many as 100 members went into action. Even many of the gang members who took part in the 1956 truce have cooperated with the action groups to prevent new conflict. Our technique is to intercept trouble makers and offer them peaceable solutions which they can accept without losing face. Almost invariably such help is welcomed.

But our association lacked funds to organize the area of Forsyth Street. We knew the Forsyth Boys existed, but we had no direct relationship with them such as we had with groups in other areas. The older Sportsmen, now responsible citizens, could not control the "new" Sportsmen, called the "juniors."

And so, largely because of a lack of funds thanks to public indifference, two young people died last week and six were wounded seriously. Thousands of dollars were spent by newspapers and TV companies to record this event for the benefit of irresponsible citizens who could have prevented it in the first place.



FATHER MYERS, 43, vicar of the Lower East Side Mission of Trinity Episcopal Parish for seven years, has studied the workings of teen-age gangs and gained the confidence of their leaders

GOING TO MEETING called to stop more violence. Father Myers walks down passageway to church basement behind gang member

**GOOD THINGS
BEGIN TO
HAPPEN...**



when...



...school day lunch is a soup-plate lunch

Good things begin to happen when you give your children a soup-plate lunch. Soup, a sandwich, fruit for dessert, milk.

Ease happens. Just heat and eat. Speed happens. A big warming bowlful of Campbell's is ready 4 minutes after you open a can.

And soup's so right for young appetites. Soup smells so good . . . tastes so good . . . you know every drop will disappear.

Take Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup . . . it's so good-tasting even picky eaters perk up. And it contains the good things children need—green and yellow vegetables, and fine lean beef, and broth that's made with meat and vegetable juices.

Yes . . . good nutrition happens . . . for soup gives you proteins, vitamins and minerals—the kind of good nourishment school-agers need to get them through an active afternoon.

And good dispositions come easy, when there's soup for lunch. That warming, soothing broth does such good things for everyone — just kind of makes folks feel good all over.

How about having a soup-plate lunch today? And every day. You can have a different one every day for almost a month of schooldays. There are 21 kinds of Campbell's.

Say . . . have you had your soup today?



Once a day . . . every day . . . enjoy *Campbell's Soup*



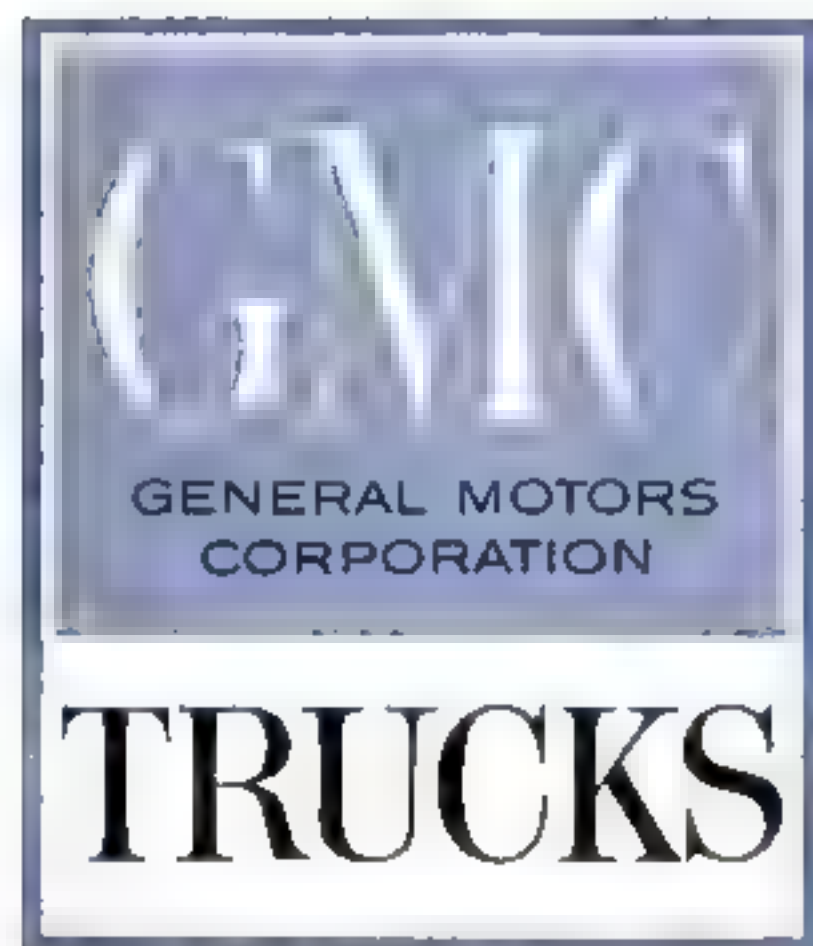
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OPERATION "HIGH GEAR"



GMC scoops the industry with the DFR8000... another big money-saving, money-making advance from GMC's huge engineering, design and quality-control program!

Shown left is the first 48" all-aluminum tilt-cab diesel with America's first V6 engine—a truck built to haul maximum payloads in every state! It's another example of the important advances here or on the way from Operation "High Gear." Others include exclusive GMC Stabilized Air Ride! The widest choice of cabs and BBC dimensions in the industry! Concrete mixers that haul over 16% more ready-mix every trip! And there's plenty more!

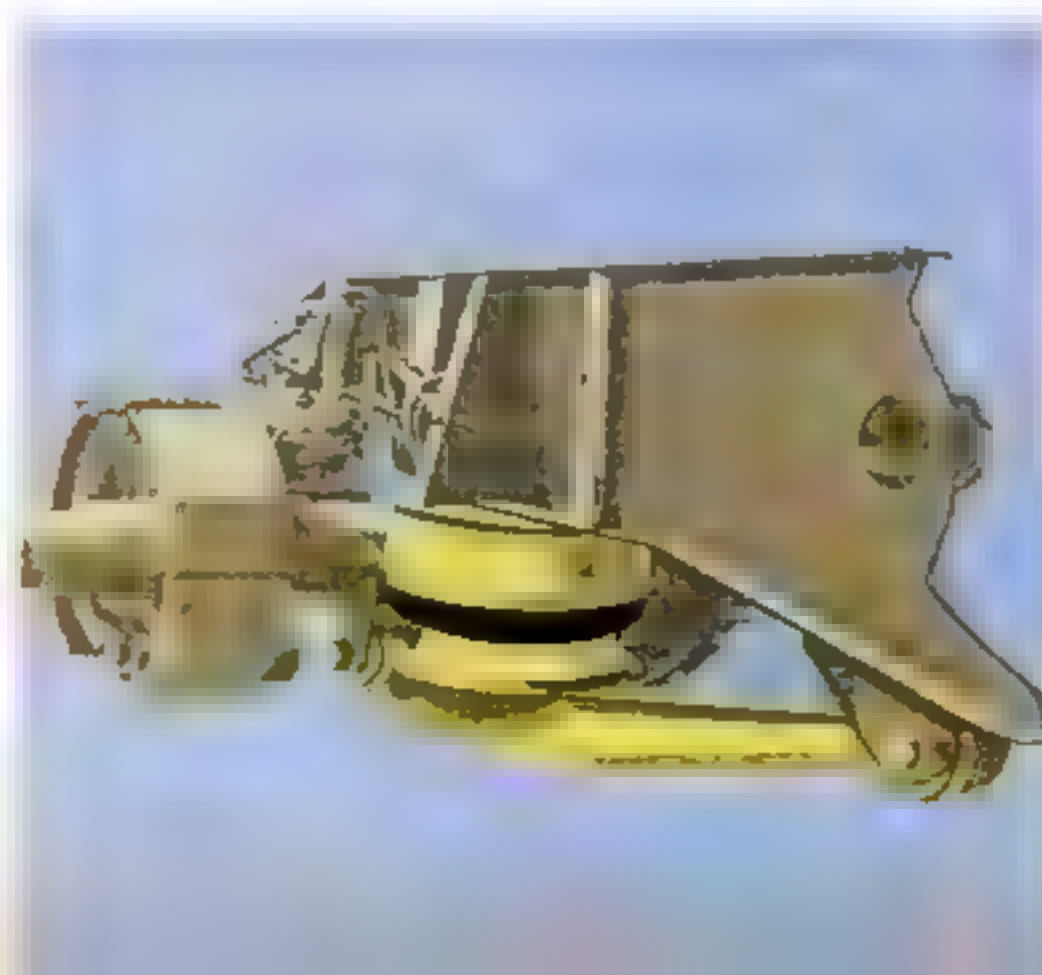
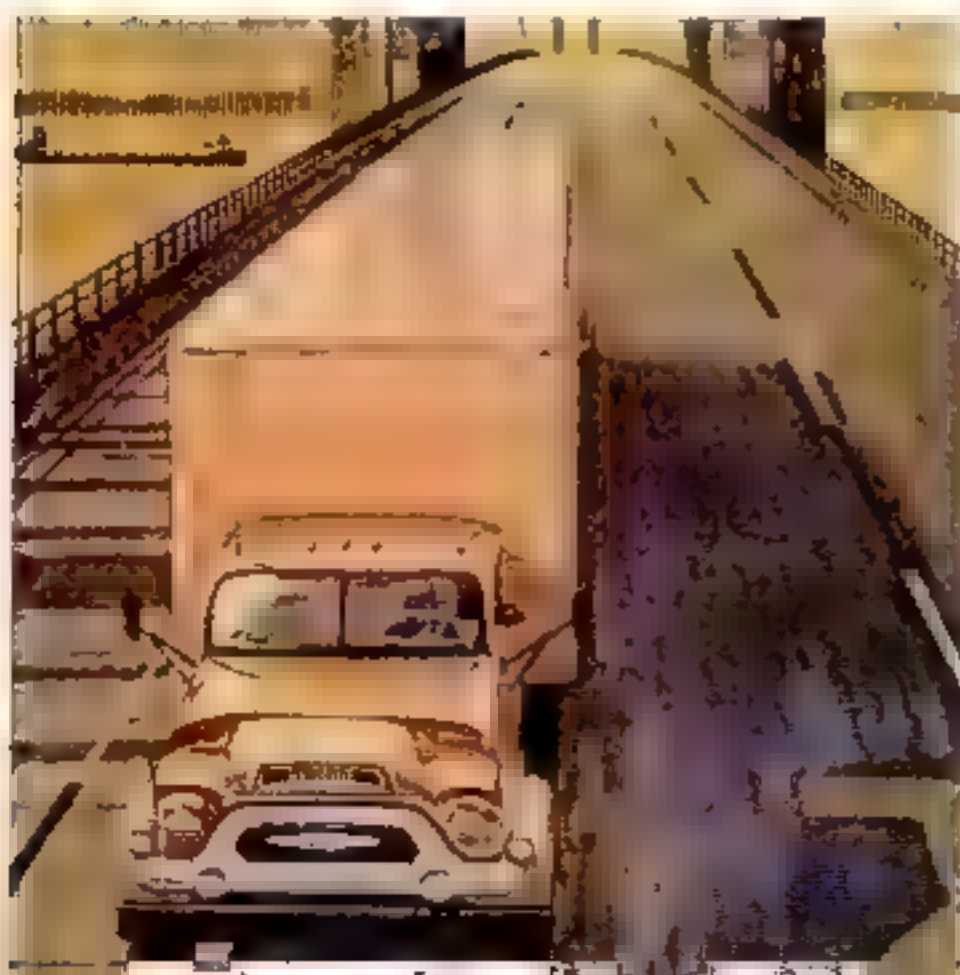
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It's National Jell-O- For-After-School-Snacks Week!

What could be nicer to run home to after a hard day at school? Bright, light, fun-to-bite Jell-O is just about everybody's favorite between-meal snack!

Kids love it because it's cool and cheery and they are allowed to eat all they want. Mothers love Jell-O because it peps children up for afternoon play, yet never, never spoils appetites for dinner.

Better keep a big snack bowl of Jell-O on the lowest shelf in the refrigerator . . . and another on top for you and Dad!

Jell-O is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corp.



Don't let this week
go by without **JELL-O**

HOW BOND RATES AFFECT YOU

Nobody in his right mind thinks that Congress would ever imperil the national defense by refusing to pay the Pentagon's bills. And if it did so there would be such an outburst of indignation that Congress would get cracking.

But the reverse of this is happening. The management of the public debt is also of vital concern. Yet Congress is refusing to give the Treasury the powers it needs to manage the public debt in a sound and orderly way. There has been no outburst of public indignation because the issue is difficult for laymen to grasp.

They had better grasp it, for it affects the value of their savings and the security of their future. By its failure to act, Congress is driving up interest rates and adding to inflationary pressures. Here are the simple facts:

► The dead hand of the past—a World War I measure passed in 1918—puts a ceiling of 4½% on long-term government bonds and savings bonds. It is these bonds, bought by insurance companies, trust funds and the savings of individuals, which should carry as much as possible of the public debt because they check inflation by taking savings out of the scramble for goods.

► This 41-year-old ceiling on bond interest makes it increasingly harder for the Treasury to sell new bonds. Institutions and individuals, since they can get better rates from other securities, refuse to buy them. Since 1946, for example, life insurance companies have reduced their holdings of government bonds from 45% of their assets to a mere 7%. Many individuals cash in their savings bonds.

► Instead of putting out long-term bonds with interest rates high enough to make them marketable, the Treasury has been forced to raise the needed money by "short-term paper" (e.g., 91-day notes), which are bought chiefly by commercial banks. Since they are virtually the same thing as cash, these notes can

be used by the banks to expand their loans. They can lend \$5 of new money for each \$1 of Treasury notes they own. This has an immediate inflationary effect.

► Furthermore, this "monetizing" of the debt tends to drive up interest rates as the government competes with other borrowers for scarce money. In the last fortnight, for example, the rate on 91-day notes has just risen to 3.8%, the highest level since the bank crisis of 1933. If this trend continues, even short-term interest rates may soon exceed the 4½% ceiling on long-term bonds. This freakish result is made more likely by Speaker Rayburn's announcement last week that Congress won't act this year on the President's reiterated request for lifting the interest ceiling. Such inaction undermines the dollar by raising doubts abroad as to its soundness and damages the government's credit, just as it does the economy itself.

Some leaders are urging the President, on his return, to take the issue to the voters as he did on labor reform. If Congress adjourns without action, the President may call it back in special session. But voters themselves can help speed the necessary action by letting their Congressmen know that they back the President. He has stated the issue very clearly:

"The vital interests of all Americans are at stake because excessive reliance on short-term financing can have grave consequences for the purchasing power of the dollar. . . . Let me state as plainly as I can that this is not legislation to increase interest rates. . . . We always seek to borrow as cheaply as we can. . . . To prohibit the Treasury from paying the market price for long-term money is just as impracticable as telling the Defense Department that it cannot pay the fair market price for a piece of equipment. The result would be the same in either case: the government could not get what it needs."

HOW STEEL TERMS INVOLVE YOU

Unlike the interest ceiling (*above*), the steel strike seemed not to concern the President too much as he left for Europe. Although the negotiators have been stalled for seven costly weeks, Ike repeated that "these people must solve their own problems." He will not invoke Taft-Hartley (which would send the men back to work for 80 days) until the national health and security are in danger.

Which they aren't—yet. Most steel users have enough inventory to keep going for several more weeks. So for the present the public interest in this strike is less with the speed of the settlement than with its terms. These terms must be noninflationary because the price of steel affects almost everything you buy.

The union demands a raise because other wages are up this year and because the profit-heavy steel companies seem able to raise wages without raising prices. Management offers no wage increase until next year and promises to keep prices stable if the government stays out of the negotiations.

Secretary Mitchell's statistics show that steel prices since the war have risen more than any other commodity, and wages more than most to an average of \$3.10 an hour. The quasi-collusive management-labor deal that made these increases possible has now come to an end with the end of the long postwar seller's market. Both sides have contributed to our long wage-price inflation; both must now contribute to its stop.

Which should contribute more? That's what collective bargaining is for. The public has less concern with the divvy than in seeing to it that the industry as a whole contributes enough. And this "enough" is not measured by the industry's own rising productivity, important though that is.

Raymond Saulnier, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, points out that if the price level of the

whole economy is to be stabilized (and that's what stopping inflation means), then wages *on the whole* must not rise faster than productivity *on the whole*. But some industries (notably the service trades) are almost incapable of increasing their productivity, although their labor costs are bound to follow other wages up. This means that certain highly productive industries must be counted on for actual price reductions to offset the less efficient industries that *have* to raise prices with wages.

Steel productivity has been increasing since 1947 at around 3% a year. Perhaps it can boost this rate and become still more efficient; management has demanded a change in union work rules to make it so. In that case, as a leader in efficiency, steel might be expected to raise wages and cut prices at the same time. Meanwhile the least we can ask is that this year's settlement should *not* mean another price increase.

A Chicago *Daily News* report from the Gary area found that many striking steelworkers, though loyal to the union, would be glad to go back to work on almost any terms. One such, Eli Suzukovich, had just borrowed \$2 "so I could get me a haircut." It was a symbolic act. Haircuts have reached the fantastic price of \$2 because a) a wage leadership in steel has forced the barbers' union to follow suit, while b) barbers, unlike Eli Suzukovich, can't get their unit costs down through increased productivity—especially when the price of steel clippers keeps going up. By now the public generally understands the economic connection between these very different industries. Steel, both in prices and wages, is a pattern-setter.

That is why the way this strike is settled is so important to the public. Let the negotiators work out the terms of their joint sacrifice now, before the wastes and privation of the strike put the nation in another kind of crisis.



ACKNOWLEDGING ADULATION OF GERMANS WHO LINED STREETS TO SEE HIM RIDE BY IN BONN, IKE SPREADS ARMS IN FAMOUS CAMPAIGN GESTURE AS CROWDS

A MEMORABLE RETURN TO EUROPE

Eisenhower's visit to the West's leaders turns into a rousing personal triumph

From the moment he disembarked at Bonn's airport last week, Dwight D. Eisenhower was a hero in Europe. Some 300,000 Germans, more than twice the city's population, lined the route from the airport to the West German capital to wave flags and chant "We like Ike!" It was evident that Ike liked them, too. During the one hour and 40 minutes it took the motorcade to inch its way into Bonn, the President stood erect in the lead car beside Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, grinning broadly and repeatedly holding both arms aloft in his familiar gesture of greeting.

Eisenhower was welcomed with such warmth not so much because he is President but because he is a man for whom Europeans have great admiration and fondness. The Germans were counting on him to preserve West Berlin's independence—and they got prompt reassurances from Ike. In his first speech, just after landing, he said, "The American people stand by your side in insuring that the loyal free people of Free Berlin will, like yourselves, continue always to enjoy that great freedom." He ducked away from German efforts to involve him in their claims for the

return of German territory transferred to Poland east of the Oder-Neisse border. "We are not, at this point, complicating the matter," he explained. But Adenauer and his people were nonetheless pleased with most of what Ike said before he took off for Britain, another rousing welcome (*p. 40*) and a chance to revisit some of the landmarks he knew when he was Supreme Allied Commander in Europe (*see color pages*).

The President was making the tour of Europe, on the eve of his talks with Soviet Premier Khrushchev, to check his signals and cement unity with the European Big Three—Adenauer, Macmillan and De Gaulle. The size and spontaneity of Ike's welcome, reminiscent of Woodrow Wilson's in 1918, went beyond his or anyone else's expectations. Forty-one years ago Wilson also carried the hopes of the world on his shoulders, and last week Ike was doing the same. Khrushchev, who has had comparatively lukewarm receptions on visits outside the Soviet Union, might be impressed by the trust, mirrored in the faces pictured here, which Europeans placed in a man he will meet face to face in Washington soon.



CHANT "WE LIKE IKE" AND "WUNDERBAR" ON WAY TO TALKS WITH ADENAUER IN SCHAUMBURG PALACE, PRESIDENT RIDES WITH AMBASSADOR DAVID BRUCE



GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS for President at Bonn included personal rendition of welcome (left) and official airport reception by Chancellor Adenauer



and squad of West German soldiers (center). Sign at right, with line running to silhouette of Berlin's Brandenburg gate, is plea for help uniting divided Germany.





QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET AWAIT EISENHOWER AT BALMORAL. MARGARET MAINTAINS DECORUM DESPITE A BREEZE THAT LIFTS HER SKIRT



IKE AND MACMILLAN respond to cheers from huge crowds as they ride from airport to London.

A WELCOME TO THE QUEEN'S CASTLE

London's reception for President Eisenhower was even greater than Bonn's. More than half a million people cheered him during his 16-mile drive from the airport to the U.S. Ambassador's residence. The next day, the President flew on to Scotland for a visit with Queen Elizabeth at Balmoral Castle (opposite), her Scottish home. Despite her rule against fur-

ther public appearances until her baby arrives this winter, the queen drove down to the castle gates to greet her distinguished visitor. He spent a night at Balmoral in one of the castle's sumptuous suites. Then he moved on to Chequers, the prime minister's country estate, for weekend talks with Macmillan before flying to Paris to see President Charles de Gaulle.



INTERNATIONAL SENTIMENT is expressed by Scottish schoolchildren, part of enthusiastic crowd that lined President's route to Balmoral. Trip to castle marked first visit of a President to Scotland.

BALMORAL CASTLE housed Eisenhower on his overnight stay with Queen Elizabeth. The castle, commanding a magnificent view of the Dee River valley, was completed in 1856 for Queen Victoria

by her consort, Prince Albert. It is the reigning monarch's private property, closely guarded to insure maximum privacy. Royal standard on the castle flagstaff means that the queen is in residence.





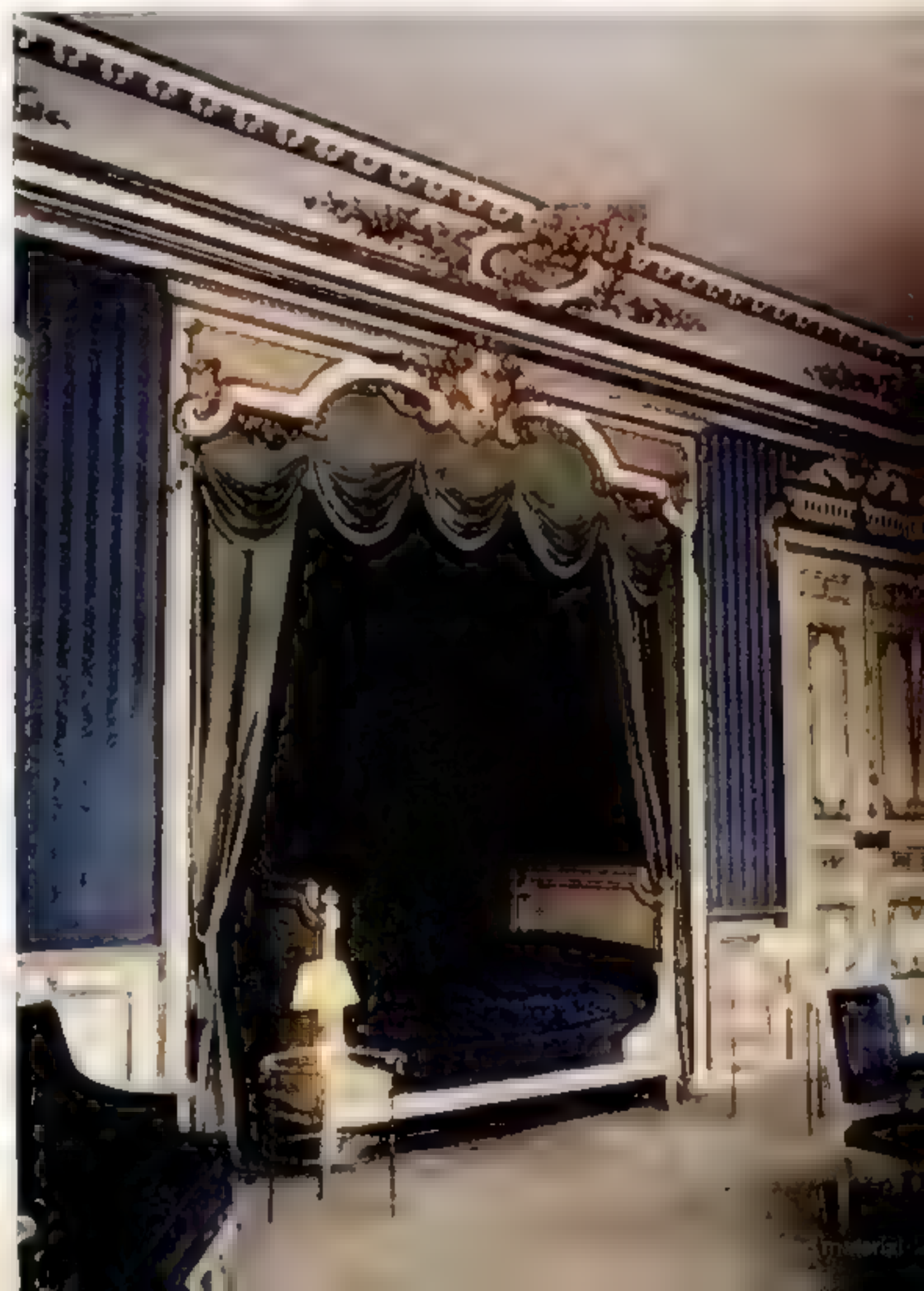
VILLA HAMMERSCHMIDT in Bonn, residence and office of West German President Theodor Heuss, was scheduled to be headquarters for Eisenhower on first

leg of his European tour. Built in 1876, it was used as a soldiers' hospital in World War II. It is named for a German merchant family that owned it for 90 years.



CHATEAU DE RAMBOUILLET outside Paris, the official summer residence of France's president since 1896, provides accommodations for Eisenhower during talks with De Gaulle. Rambouillet was acquired by King Louis XVI in 1783, but his queen, Marie Antoinette, disdainfully referred to it as a "Gothic toadhole."

QUAI D'ORSAY in Paris, France's Ministry of Foreign Affairs, offers quarters for visiting dignitaries. Eisenhower's ornate bed is set into wall of sleeping chamber called "The King's Room" because Britain's King George VI once slept there. Adjoining reception rooms were also placed at the President's disposal.



For your heart's sake,
fry the unsaturated
Wesson way



**Wesson
Oil**



When you reach for the skillet... reach for the Wesson!

Almost every day you read reports of those heart authorities who are recommending the poly-unsaturated qualities of *liquid* pure vegetable oil in place of the saturated *solid* fats. Using Wesson you get five times more poly-unsaturate than with shortening, ordinary margarine or lard, and twenty times more than butter—but no higher in calories!

Cholesterol is the villain. Solid fats have been found to *build up* cholesterol in the blood. But Wesson—the pure vegetable oil—has the opposite effect and helps *reduce* cholesterol.

For your heart's sake. Serve balanced meals, eat moderately, and watch your weight, as your own doctor will tell you. And, in preparing food where shortening is called for—especially those wonderful skillet dishes your family loves—use unsaturated pure vegetable Wesson.

Wesson Oil takes the smoke out of frying, browns foods beautifully. Lighter and clearer than any other leading brand, Wesson is also the freshest, most highly refined pure vegetable oil you can buy—completely salt-free, *never hydrogenated*.

FREE 16-page booklet of Wesson recipes for "Good Eating With Your Heart in Mind". Write Wesson Oil, Box 873, New Orleans 2, La.

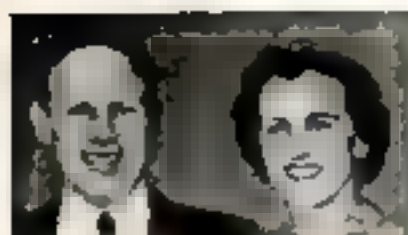
Wesson helps
cut down
cholesterol,
the prime suspect
in coronary
heart disease

*Blood Serum Cholesterol

Wesson – the fighter against cholesterol

© 1959 Wesson Oil & Foodstuff Sales Company

FOUR FAMILIES TELL YOU "WHAT WE LIKE BEST"



"WE HAVE YEAR-ROUND COMFORT ON A BUDGET," say Mr. and Mrs. R. Spitze of Knoxville, Tenn. "With Full Thickness Fiberglass Insulation in our Comfort-Conditioned Home, our heating and cooling bills for a full year amounted to \$118.92. Fiberglas DUST STOP® Air Filters keep our home dust- and pollen-free."



"OUR KITCHEN IS DESIGNED TO SAVE WORK," say Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Hahn of Albuquerque, N. M. "We wish you could see the many work-saving advances in these latest built-in appliances. Like every Comfort-Conditioned Home, ours has Full Housepower. And that means plenty of electric power when you need it."



DURING
**NATIONAL
HOME WEEK**
SEPT. 12-20 BUY
YOUR NEW COMFORT-
CONDITIONED HOME.

FULLY INSULATED with **Fiberglass**
Full **HOUSEPOWER** For Electrical Living
Today and Tomorrow

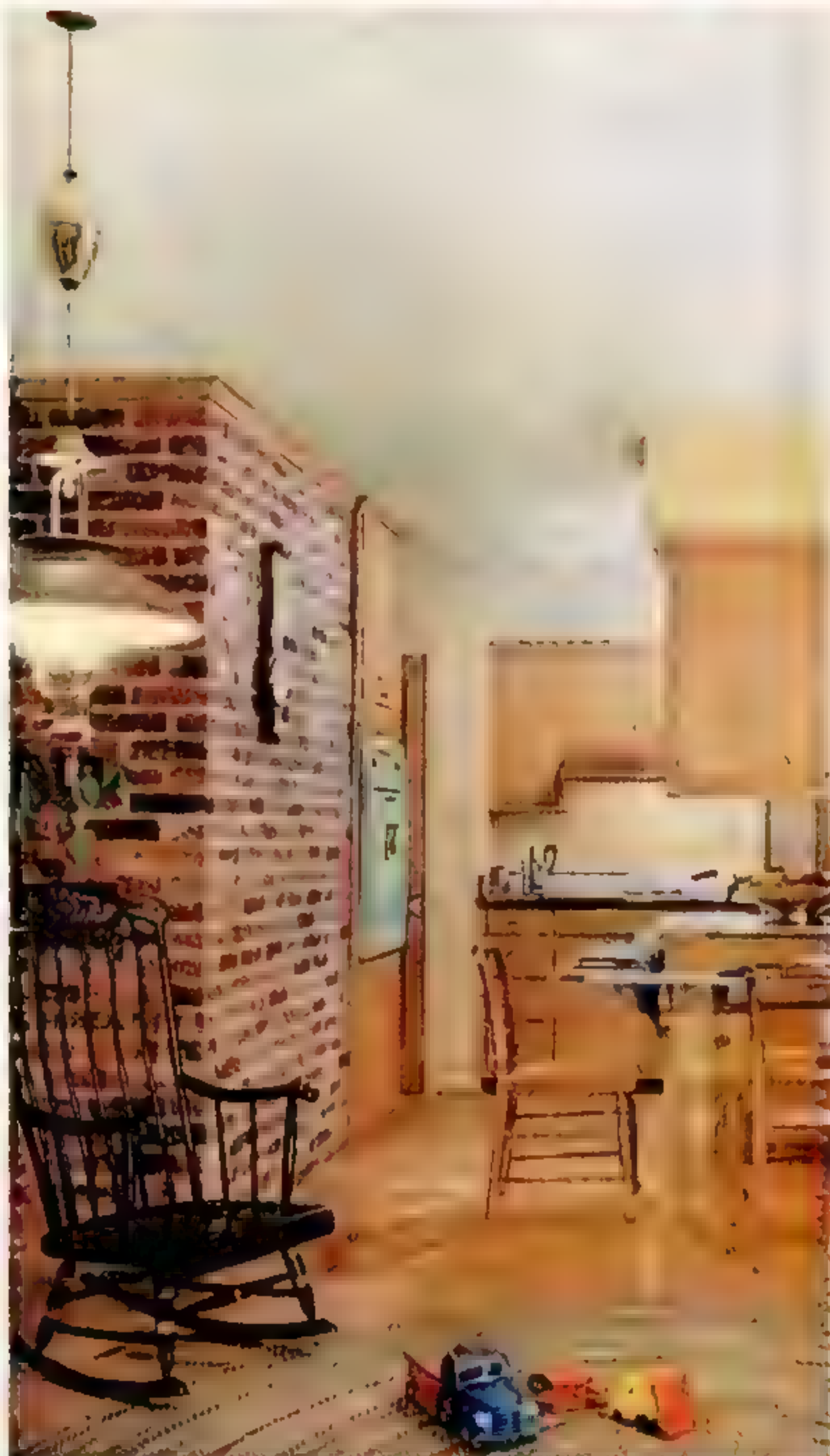
The verdict's in! America's home-buyers call the Comfort-Conditioned Home tops in value! A home that says, "Here's where you belong!"

It's happened to thousands of home-seekers, these last two years. They've stopped at the sign, examined the home, weighed the built-in values of the Comfort-Conditioned Home, and made the decision "Here's where we belong." Their decision was based on such considerations as Full-Thickness Fiberglass*

ABOUT OUR NEW COMFORT-CONDITIONED HOME!"



"WE GET THE COOL BREEZES WITHOUT THE BUGS," say Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. Foster of San Jose, Cal. "What wonderful outdoor living we've had . . . with Fiberglas Screening all around and a section of Fiberglas Reinforced Paneling overhead. We're ready for sun or rain . . . and the Fiberglas Screening never bulges, dents or rusts."



"OUR FAMILY ROOM-KITCHEN IS A HAPPY PLACE TO BE," say Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Laycock of Indianapolis, Ind. "This room is perfect for children's noisy games. The Fiberglas SONO-FACED® Acoustical Tile Ceiling soaks up noise like a sponge. It's so colorful, fire-safe, and easy to clean with just a damp cloth."

Insulation. Full Housepower, and other features like those you see above. They live each day with comfort, convenience and economy.

It can happen to you. In your Comfort-Conditioned Home, Fiberglas Insulation is thicker than FHA minimums. It assures year-round, all-weather comfort, paid for by savings in your fuel costs. Full Housepower provides all the power you'll ever need for electrical appliances—now or later. Talk to your builder, too, about such advantages as a Fiberglas-screened patio for indoor-outdoor living; sound-conditioning, built-in appliances; air-conditioning and air filtration. You'll see at once that the Comfort-Conditioned Home provides for the improvements and expansion you may contemplate in years to come. There is no sounder long-range investment in the home market today.

VISIT THE COMFORT-CONDITIONED HOME

NEAREST YOU! FOR LIST OF LOCATIONS...

TURN PAGE



© T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NOW! BEST TIME TO SEE— BEST TIME TO BUY YOUR COMFORT-CONDITIONED HOME!



FULLY INSULATED with



Full **HOUSEPOWER** for Electrical Living
Today and Tomorrow

To help you find the new Comfort-Conditioned Homes near you, this list is by states alphabetically. Look for the Comfort-Conditioned Home sign (above) at the model homes of these builders.

ALABAMA

Concord Homes, Inc., Montgomery

ARIZONA

Bixby Constr. Co., Scottsdale
Busby-Carroll, Tucson
Herman Goldman Constr., Tempe
Master Planners of Arizona, Inc., Phoenix
Fred F. Woodworth Home Bldg., Inc., Scottsdale
Young Construction Co., Scottsdale

ARKANSAS

Reed S. McConnell, M. Little Rock
Ramick-Built Homes, Pine Bluff
Supreme Contractors, N. Little Rock

CALIFORNIA

Robert K. Burke Enterprises, Lancaster
James M. Callahan Co., Inc., Lancaster
Classic Homes, Inc., Northridge
Dass Construction Co., San Diego
Tom DiMaggio Constr., Concord
Eicher Homes, Inc., San Jose and Bay Area
J. Stuard Hilliard, Inc., Brentwood
Krueger and Gibson, Citrus Heights
Leap Constr. Co., San Jose
John D. Lusk & Son, La Mirada
Merchant Construction, Lafayette Area
Severin Const. Co., San Diego
Oscar Spano and Son, Fresno
The Thomas Companies, Palmdale
Westmore Develop. Co., Menlo Park

COLORADO

Aurora Vista Homes, Aurora
Gamble Homes, Denver
Joseph Marrone & Co., Denver

CONNECTICUT

Birchdale Homes, Inc., Vernon
William W. Gavin, Jr., Suffield
Hilton Construction Co., New Haven
Lifetime Homes, Saybrook
Reed Homes, Inc., Burlington
Wenz and Company, Fairfield

DELAWARE

Fairfield Constr. Co., Wilmington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

W. C. and A. N. Miller Dev. Co., Washington

FLORIDA

All-State Homes, Lauderdale
Campanelli Brothers, Builders, Perrini Westward Expansion, West Palm Beach
Fleetwood Manor Bldrs., Inc., West Hollywood
Florida Homes, Jacksonville
Globe Investment Co., St. Petersburg
Orange State Constr. Co., Inc., Tallahassee
Peacock Homes, Inc., Orlando
Reibel-Shanbrun-Lazarus Corp., West Hollywood
Joseph O. Shaffer Co., Jacksonville
Welton Smith, Inc., Tallahassee
SMY Builders, Gulf Breeze
Willard Woodrow Constr. Co., Opa Locka

GEORGIA

Fred S. Felt, Jr., Atlanta
Jeff Goolsby Constr. Co., Albany
P & H Homes, Inc., Chamblee
Walter L. Tally, Chamblee

ILLINOIS

Alfani Constr. Co., Mt. Prospect
Borovicks Enterprises, Inc., St. Charles
Martin H. Braun & Co., Westchester
Community Builders, Inc., Skokie
Elm Construction Co., Mundelein
Fidelity Builders, Chicago
Giese Bros. Constr. Co., Lombard
Lake Zurich Garden Homes, Inc., Lake Zurich
Medema Builders, Chicago
Orleans Homes, Inc., Highland Park
Pacesetter Homes, Inc., South Holland
M. Morton Robbins & Sons, Inc., Chicago
Toepfer Const. Corp., Thornton
William A. Torok & Co., Chicago
Wood Bros. Custom Bldrs., Belleville

INDIANA

Bundza-Melnops Corp., Indianapolis
Richard C. Cashion, Indianapolis
Frederick Falender, Indianapolis
Place & Co., Inc., South Bend
Sparks and Russell, Inc., Beech Grove
Paul B. White & Co., Indianapolis
Jack R. Worthman, Ft. Wayne

IOWA

Advance Homes, Inc., Bettendorf
Lloyd E. Clarke, Des Moines
C. H. Dohrn Constr. Co., Bettendorf
Mel Foster, Inc., Bettendorf
Harvey Constr. Co., Bettendorf
Watrod Constr. Co., Davenport

KANSAS

Bekemeyer Constr. Co., Wichita
Hammer Constr. Co., Topeka
Harter, Inc., Derby
House & Home Development, Inc., Wichita
Roy Louis & Sons, Inc., Wichita
Murray, Inc., Wichita
Bob Peters Constr. Co., Wichita
W. L. Stauffer, Wichita
Womer-Plett, Inc., Wichita

KENTUCKY

Grims & Conroy, Louisville
Kendall Co., Louisville
Shaver Companies, Louisville

LOUISIANA

Trestman Realty Co., New Orleans

MARYLAND

Connecticut Ave. Park, Inc., Hillandale
Cromwell Valley, Inc., Towson
Kay Constr. Co., Silver Spring

MASSACHUSETTS

Bartels Constr. Co., Springfield

MICHIGAN

Albert Bldrs., Inc., Grand Rapids
R. D. Brooks, Grand Rapids
Burt Homes, Inc., Detroit
Craftsman Constr. Co., Detroit
Dok Builders, Inc., Grand Rapids
Garling Bldg. Co., Dearborn
Gerholz Community Homes, Flint
Glendale Bldrs., Flint
Laurenelle Bldg. and Realty Co., Royal Oak
Harry Macksey, Inc., Birmingham
K. W. Mills, Inc., Royal Oak
Pearson Homes, Algonac
Princeton Homes, Inc., A. G. Elliott and Sons, Royal Oak
Slavik Builders, Inc., Oak Park
Southfield Village Develop. Co., Bridgeport
S. P. M. Custom Homes, Warren
Starfire Builders, Detroit
Sullivan-Smith, Inc., Dearborn
Thiele Constr. Co., St. Clair Shores
Thompson-Brown, Detroit
Bart Verellen, Romeo
Wendover Bldg. Co., Birmingham

MINNESOTA

Ecklund and Swedlund, Hopkins
Ray Kroiss Constr. Co., St. Paul
Lakeland Bldrs., Inc., Minneapolis
Lyle Builders, Minneapolis
Mill City Bldrs., Minneapolis
Richard Nestlund Constr. Inc., Minneapolis
Steiner & Koppelman, Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI

Barley & Bailey, Jackson
Rode Realty Co., Greenville

MISSOURI

Bekymmer Develop. Co., Melville
Creve Couer Develop. Co., Creve Couer
Burton W. Duenke Bldg. Co., Des Peres
M-C Constr. Co., Maryland Heights
Erker Vatterott Constr. Co., St. Ann
Burt Wenner & Co., St. Louis

NEBRASKA

Peterson Constr. Co., Lincoln

NEVADA

George A. Probasco, Inc., Sparks

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Fischer Homes, Inc., Dover

NEW JERSEY

Louis Caplan, West Orange
John and George Guys, Metuchen
Haridor Realty Co., Asbury Gables, Neptune Township
Kessler Bros., Riverton
C. T. Mitnick, Somers Point & North Cape May
Alex Sands, Riverdale
Totem Village, Hammonton

NEW MEXICO

Dale Bellanah Homes, Albuquerque

NEW YORK

Robert H. Baker, Middletown
John Bontrager, Clarence
Leonard L. Frank and Walter G. Stackler, West Islip
Genrich Builders, Inc., Snyder
Jaeger Bros. Bldrs., Inc., West Babylon, L. I.
Madi Builders, Inc., Hilton

NEW YORK (continued)

Oot Bros., Inc., N. Syracuse
Frank J. Schantz, Rochester
A. Henry Schroeder, Brentwood, L. I.
Wenwood Organization, Brookville, L. I.
Young Bros. Builders, Inc., Tonawanda

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte Develop. Co., Matthews
John Crosland Co., Charlotte
John R. Taylor Co., Inc., Greensboro

OHIO

The Arcose Co., Cincinnati
B & I Constr. Co., Slaw
Banner Constr., Cleveland
Brune-Harpenau Bldrs., Inc., Cincinnati
Cook & Johnson, Youngstown
Corey Bros., Toledo
Cornell Bldrs., Inc., Dayton
Dredst-Simon Estates, Inc., S. Euclid
Ernest G. Fritzsche & Co., Columbus
Frontier Land Co., Poland
Paul Kessler, Celina
Krest Builders, Inc., Kettering
Mack-Lu Homes, Inc., Toledo
Reynolds Constr. Co., Toledo
Roach Constr. Co., Maumee
Edward Rose, Inc., Dayton
J. Mack Stewart Corp., Columbus
Howard A. Suter Constr. Co., Dayton
Swango & Son Constr., Kettering
Van Derlen Homes, Inc., Toledo
Wenzler Bros. Constr. Co., Kettering
Zarembo & Stein Home Bldrs., Cleveland

OKLAHOMA

Glenn E. Breeding, Midwest City
Broadmoore Terrace Bldrs., Midwest City
Casady Manor, Oklahoma City
James J. Crockett, Tulsa
Hughes Develop. Co., Bartlesville
Ramon L. King Constr. Co., Tulsa
Metropolitan Bldg. Co., Tulsa
Russmorr Homes, Inc., Bartlesville

OREGON

Bredon Bros., Eugene
Douglas Lowell, Inc., Portland
Jack C. Nunn, Inc., Portland

PENNSYLVANIA

Hayward V. McIntosh, Aliquippa
Pennel Builders' Supply, Pennel
A. C. Schwotzer, Inc., Pittsburgh
Emil Stahl & Son, Southampton
Town & Country Fab., Inc., Clairton

TENNESSEE

Russell B. Anderson, Nashville
Bass Constr. Co., Memphis
Beasley & Olds, Memphis
Harold High, Memphis
Holiday Homes, Inc., Memphis
A. B. Ivey Co., Nashville
Kerns & Gates Co., Memphis
Louis Weeks, Jr., Memphis
Wheeler Constr. Co., Nashville

TEXAS

R. E. Barnes, B. Dr., Dallas
Elton Brimberry, Houston
Wayne Burnside, Austin
Buchanan Built Homes, Arlington
Cantrell & McMillan, Houston
J. J. Foster Const. Co., Dallas
Marvin Henry Bldg. Co., Houston
Lotus Hamrick, Inc., Dallas
Holiday Corp., Houston
Homecraft Bldrs., Inc., San Antonio
Home Investment Co., Ft. Worth
Hughes Development Co., Wichita Falls
Lee Construction Co., Dallas
Gus Melde, Builder, Dallas
Monogram Homes, Dallas
Northrich Builders, Northrich W. Addition, Richardson
Leo E. O'Neal, Houston
Gynn Phillips & Co., Arlington
Nelson Puett and Associates, Houston
Dick N. Richards Constr. Co., Dallas
Zeto Enterprises, Orange

UTAH

Glazier Construction, Salt Lake City

VIRGINIA

B & B Construction Co., Hampton
Clarence W. Gosnell, Inc., Alexandria
Leon R. Kitchen, Roanoke
Julius Kurzer, Newport News
Eugene Zepkin, Newport News

WASHINGTON

Albert Balch, Seattle
Loctwall Corp., Lynwood
Kenneth McClarty, Olympia
Stromberg Constr. Co., Inc., Tacoma
Fred Wolff, Spokane

WISCONSIN

Beloit Builders, Inc., Beloit
Heinz Fischer Constr. Co., Milwaukee
William Kips Sons, Hales Corners
Nichols Constr. Corp., Milwaukee
Tomainger Constr. Co., Milwaukee

THE COMFORT-CONDITIONED HOME: Leading builders present a new kind of home that assures you the comfort, convenience and economy of Full Housepower and Full-Thickness Fiberglass Insulation. Many Comfort-Conditioned Homes also include Fiberglass products in such features as: indoor-outdoor living; sound-conditioning; air-conditioning and filtration, built-in appliances.

OWENS-CORNING FIBERGLAS CORP., DEPT. 108-7, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



*Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., Reg. T-34



A SHINE LINE-UP of her children's 12 pairs of shoes faces Mrs. Ottilie King during the family's visit to New York City. She cleaned the youngsters' shoes every evening, and used up a bottle of cleaner every three days.

Big Family's Visit to the Big City

Sometimes Mr. Ottilie King (*above*) must feel like rhyming, a twist on the poem about the old woman who lived in the shoe. Mrs. King's children have so many shoes she hardly knows what to do—except clean them. But she does know what to do with her 12 youngsters. She and her husband Henry take advantage of family plan rates offered by some airlines and hotels and go traveling with all of their kids.

This summer they went to New York from Chicago on a vacation trip. Until recently the trip would have cost Mr. King, an ad executive, a small fortune. But on the plan, only Mr. King paid full fare. His wife and 11 children had half fare

tickets, and the youngest flew free. The total was \$386, but the reduced rates saved \$300. In New York they stayed at the Manger Vanderhilt in five rooms which normally rent for \$66 a day. With the family plan it cost \$26 a day and the management provided baby sitters.

There were even a few unexpected windfalls. One restaurant manager offered the handsome family their dinner at half price and a couple of hansom cab drivers gave them a ride in two cabs (*page 56*) for the price of one. Some sight-seeing expenses, however, proved incalculable. The children loved Coney Island and two hours there cost Mr. King \$60.



ON SUBWAY TRIP the King family fills up half of one side of the train car. Front left to right the children are Matthew, 10, Marv, 11, Gregory, 3,

Vincent, 7, David, 5, Patrick, 8, John, 9, Michael, 13, Otis, 2, Henry, 12, and Anthony, 6. The baby, Robert, 6 months, was left at the hotel with a day-sitter.



NAPPING ON THE TRAIN John and Michael (right) fall asleep and put a burden on Patrick as David (left) sits sleep-eyed. A moment later they awoke

when a woman passenger suddenly jumped up and said, "Oh dear, I've been looking at your beautiful family and missed my stop. God bless you all way."

CONTINUED

NEW!

Squeeze Bottle for Gentle Murine



Discover this neat new way to soothe your eyes
...and so relax tension

Now you can use Murine a new easy way to comfort your eyes. Murine's new *squeeze* bottle instantly dispenses one soothing drop at a time. Can't spill, leak or break.

Gentle Murine is an aid to your eyes' own natural moisture. It's the safe way to float away discomforts of smoke, dirt, wind or glare. Soothes and refreshes your eyes, and so relaxes tension. Use comforting Murine morning and night—and any time your eyes feel tired or "gritty." Get Murine—now more convenient than ever in the new squeeze bottle.



MURINE IS ALSO STILL AVAILABLE IN FAMILIAR GLASS BOTTLE WITH SEPARATE DROPPER

The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A. *Trademarks reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

So handy to refresh your eyes any time



After swimming



Sun glare
and wind



Hours of driving



Just plain tired



HANSONI CAB RIDE in Central Park was one of the things the children had been promised for the trip. Here they pile into one of the two cabs they required.

The driver charged a cut-rate \$8. While going around the city, Mr. King kept the kids together with a "buddy" system, each older child keeping track of one other.



At finer men's shops, shoe & dept. stores. ©1959 Bostonian Shoe, Whitman, Mass. Most styles \$18.95 to \$32.50. Also makers of Mansfields and Bostonian Boys.

Bostonian's trimmer, slimmer shoe

Bostonian Flexaires give you the neatest look in shoes...continental styling with American comfort. These smart shoes are trimmed down on the outside, cushioned on the inside and flexible all over. Enjoy Flexaires' light-footed feeling at your Bostonian dealer's today.

Bostonian

FLEXAIRES



Left: #5796... Trim continental version of the classic wing tip style. Also #5757 black. Above: #530... Continental-styled smooth-seam 3-eyelet in glowing oak brown textured calf. Also #531 black.

Your Number One investment opportunity today is your own home

WHERE is the best place today to put money and have it grow?

This question, as never before, is the concern of millions of thinking Americans. Some are trying to find the "ideal" growth stock. Others are seeking "capital gains."

Many, we believe, are overlooking this surprising fact—*U. S. Government figures show that family homes, by and large, have appreciated in dollar value over most other forms of investment.*

Houses built as long as twenty years ago, kept in good condition, have doubled and even tripled in price.

Houses of recent date have also kept pace, mounting in market value, year after year.

Regardless of the age of your home, you are indeed fortunate to hold this ideal "blue chip" investment, a

safe hedge against future inflation, and one that pays you daily "dividends" of security and happiness beyond measure in dollars.

So, if you want to have more in your home to enjoy, don't be reluctant to make the investment. It's simply good business—because the dollars you spend usually increase its market value. And you have that rare thing today, ample credit for home improvements—at low interest rates.

Many new building products are so easy to apply that you can "do it yourself" during otherwise idle weekend hours. So your own time becomes an investment too.

But whatever home improvements you're thinking of, we do urge you to do it now. Keep your No. 1 investment up-to-date. Remember—when you look for the ideal place to put your money—there is truly "no place like home."

A. R. Fisher
Chairman and President



A message in the public interest from **JOHNS-MANVILLE**

Headquarters, 22 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.



AMERICA PAUSES

for a refreshing new season



The pause that lightens the load...a cold crisp Coke for the road!



Forward pass...time for the cheerful lift of Coke!

Last fun of summer...first tang of fall.
Pause before parting...look back on it all.
Close the cottage...pile on the load
Beach the boat...have a Coke for the road!
Wonderful lift when you pause for a rest...
Summer or fall, the re-fresh-ing-est!





The pause before the parting...with one more refreshing Coke!



End of a perfect day...perfect pause for Coke!

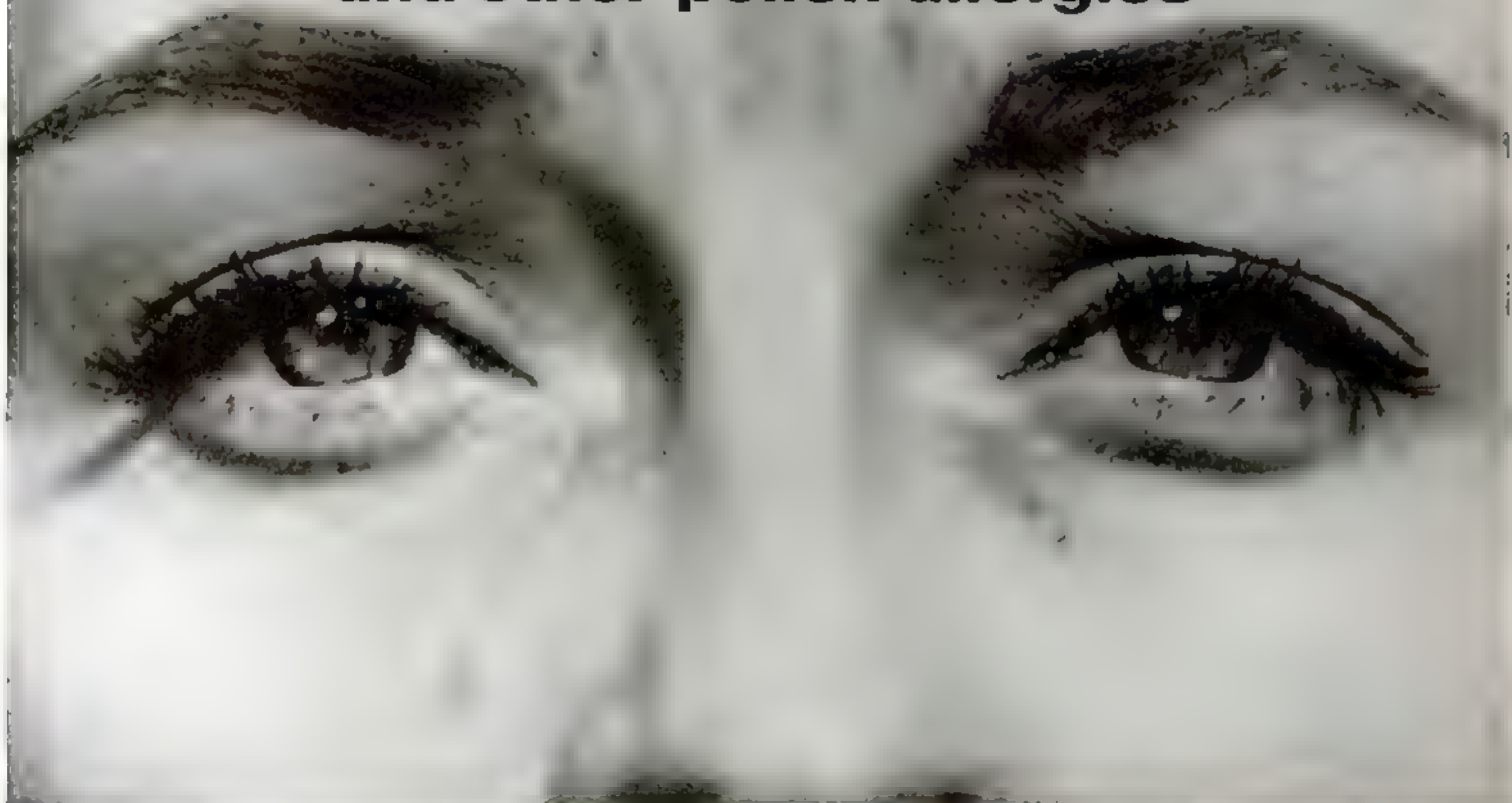
Summer may be over...but the refreshment of Coca-Cola goes on and on. For Coke...with that cold, crisp taste... that cheerful lift...lets you be really refreshed all year round... and makes any pause anywhere...

**The Pause
that Refreshes**



© 1954 THE Coca-Cola COMPANY. COKE IS A REG. U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF. U.S. DEPT. OF COM. BUREAU OF STANDARDS.

Here's new relief from miseries of **HAY FEVER** and other pollen allergies



Revolutionary 3-layer tablet acts directly on **CRITICAL AREAS** of **POLLEN IRRITATION**



DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into *one fast-acting uncoated tablet*

Working through the bloodstream, Dristan:

- 1. DECONGESTS** swollen nasal passages.
- 2. RELIEVES** watery itchy eyes... checks sniffles, sneezing... restores free breathing.
- 3. PROTECTS** against further pollen irritation.

This season, you don't *have* to suffer the maddening miseries of hay fever and other pollen allergies

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets... remarkable medical achievement... bring quick, long-lasting relief. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN's decongestant and anti-allergic actions

reach *all* delicate pollen-irritated membranes. Shrink swollen tissues... drain clogged passages. Breathing becomes free, deep and natural. Moreover, DRISTAN sets up a special protective barrier to curb further pollen irritation. *This* is DRISTAN's kind of relief... swift, prolonged, effective.

Millions already depend on DRISTAN for relief of hay fever miseries. Why don't you? This season, be ready for the pollen invasion. Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. And... *important*... accept no substitutes!

There's
Nothing Like
DRISTAN®
Decongestant Tablets



BEFORE With hay fever and other pollen irritations, sensitive nose and head membranes become irritated. Tissues swell... passages clog, breathing becomes difficult.



AFTER: Swollen membranes decongested, drained by DRISTAN. Swelling reduced... free breathing restored. And a protective barrier guards against further pollen irritation.

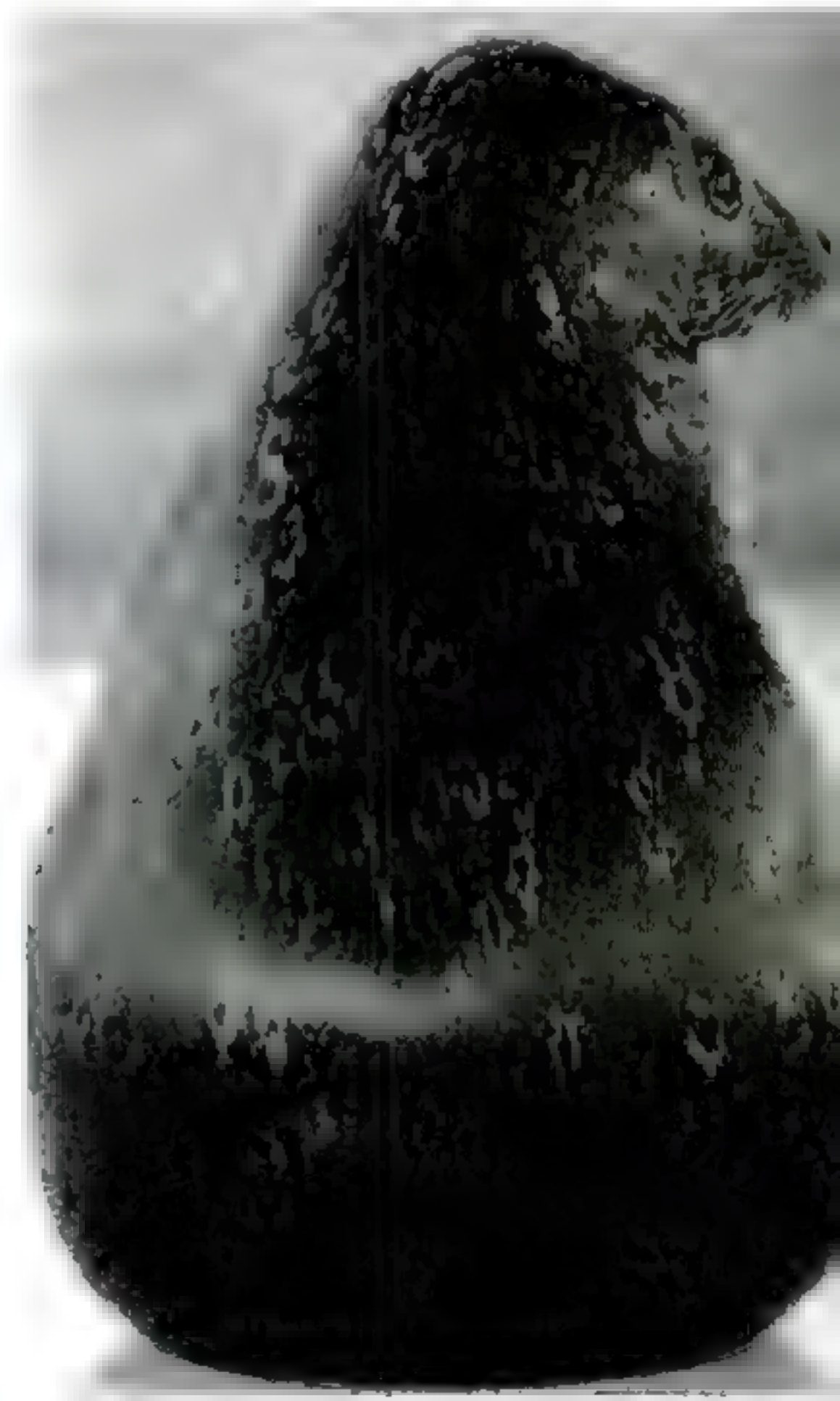
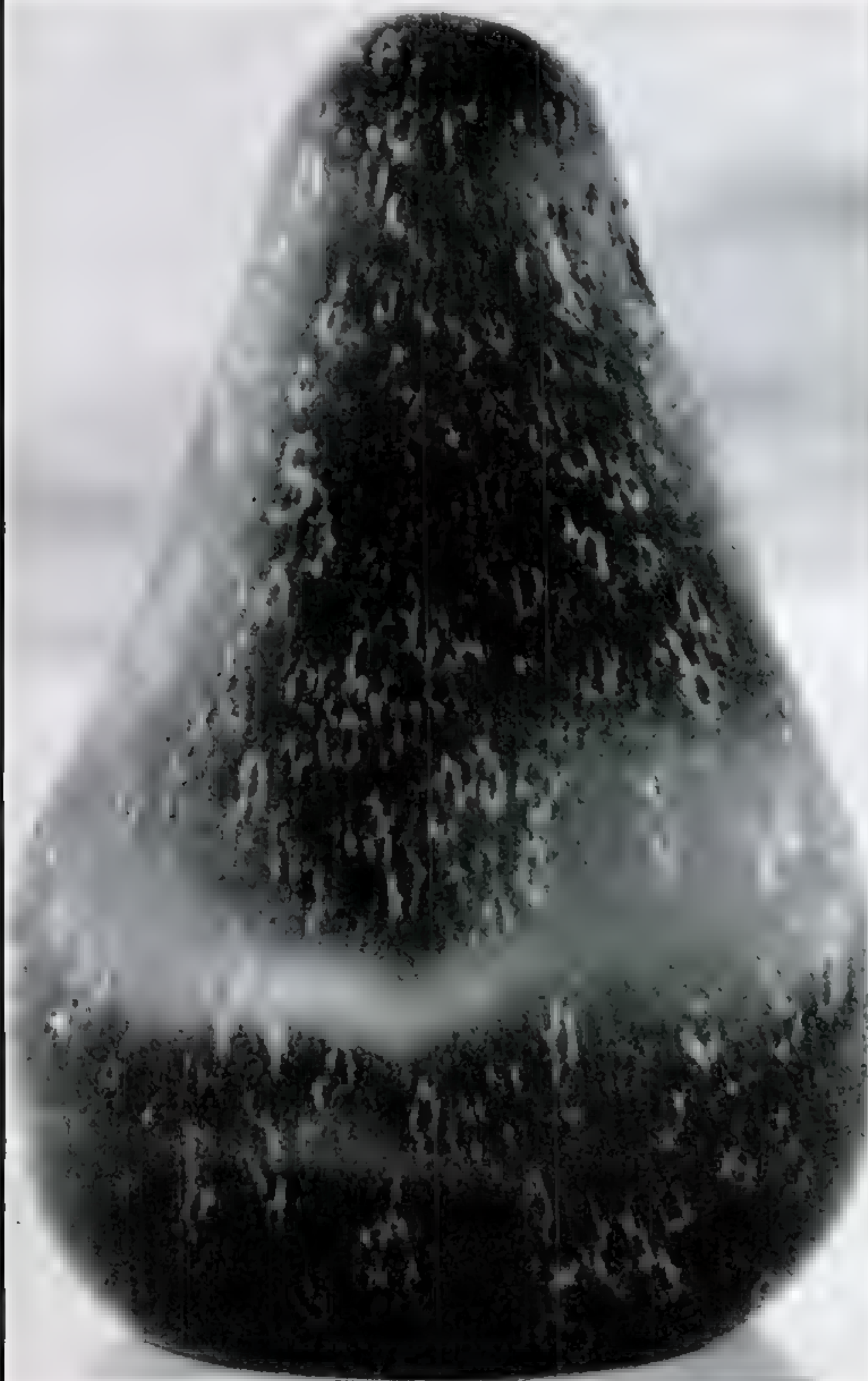


TOURISTS AT PACIFIC OCEAN PARK CROWD THE RAMP ABOVE RUSTY'S BASIN TO WATCH HER SITTING.

A Seal That Likes To Sit

All the other seals at Pacific Ocean Park near Los Angeles rush about energetically and clap their flippers together so that the tourists will throw them fish. But not Rusty. Rusty earns a fishy fortune just by sitting and showing off her shape (*below left*).

What Rusty does is unusual, as most seals cannot sit. It is possible for her only because she is fat. Plump when captured as a baby three years ago, she soon learned that she could dump herself down on her rump and not topple over. She also learned that if she did fall over catching a poorly aimed mackerel, the tourists only laughed harder and threw more fish. Ever since then, Rusty has toppled and sat—and grown fat. The fatter she got, the better she sat. Now she sits so well that she doesn't even have to roll over at night but sleeps sitting up.



WITH HEAD TURNED Rusty shows she is a harbor seal, a kind which does not have visible ears.

SHMOO SHAPE seen from the back (*left*) shows how Rusty resembles Cartoonist Al Capp's animals.

LIFE'S
GARDEN
NEWS

Flowering to Plant

Spring is already starting for the home gardener who, visualizing a beautiful harvest of daffodils, tulips and hyacinths, is digging holes and planting his bulbs. His spring will be made even more festive by new bulbs, shown here and on following pages, which are just in from Holland where 90% of the world's flowering bulbs are grown. Some have been available during the past few years at high prices. Now they are in wide enough supply to sell for 25¢ to 75¢ a bulb. On a page following the color pictures is advice about how and when to plant them.

With 10,000 varieties the largest member of the bulb family is the daffodil. This is the common name for the whole group. *Narcissus* is the botanical name, derived from the mythological Greek youth named *Narcissus* who, chancing one day to see his reflection in a quiet pool, fell in love with his image and pined away. From the place where he died sprang up a narcissus.

Here, facing their reflections in the Greek tradition, are eight of the new colors and shapes in daffodils. All are long-blooming, keep their color well and, like most daffodils, are rugged and adaptable. They live for at least 20 years and, if well tended, become more numerous every spring, so that a good gardener can, like the poet Wordsworth, enjoy his own "host of golden daffodils;/ Beside the lake, beneath the trees,/ Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."



Spring Bulbs in Fall



Daffodils

The Queen of Narcisse, top left, has unusual tall stem, thick petals, fragrance. Below, from left, Hawera, unique dwarf lemon yellow; Rippling Waters, low-grower, with many flowers per stalk; Beryl, biggest blossom on short stem; White Lion, a tall bicolor double; Rosy Sunrise whose pink cup changes hues through the day, unique in daffodils. Upper right: Gibraltar has a red cup that took growers decades to obtain. Silver Chimes, below, is the only all-white multiflowered dwarf daffodil.



Giant Tulip Trio

The favorite U.S. spring flower came from Asia Minor to Europe 400 years ago and the Dutch have since bred hundreds of varieties from the original wild flower. This trio of giant beauties, shown against a Persian miniature, are Darwin hybrids, a new class of tulip obtained by crossing



the classic Darwin with species tulips, the ones that came from Asia Minor. Left is General Eisenhower, a flamboyant orange-red tulip with the largest flower ever produced, 8 inches across. Tallest of the three, it grows 30 inches high on a stem sturdy enough to support the big, heavy

flower. Center is Gudoshnik, named after a Russian botanist, with a heart shaped like a six-pointed star. Right is Lefeber's Favorite, a tulip with petals that turn far back. Dirk Lefeber of Lisse developed all three of these new tulips and gave his name to the one he liked best.



Hyacinths

The sweet-scented breath of spring, hyacinths, cost Louis XV \$200,000 when Madame de Pompadour (*right*) decided to carpet 500 square feet of the Petit Trianon's palace garden with 3,000 of these formal flowers. Instantly the hyacinth took the center of the stage as France's fashion flower, and a single bulb cost as much as \$500. The new varieties shown here cost about 35¢ a bulb. Far left is Delight, the sturdiest pink hyacinth yet bred. Above it is white Nevada, the first pure-white color-fast hyacinth. At lower right is Perfection, the first true blue hyacinth. All have strong stems, big flowers.



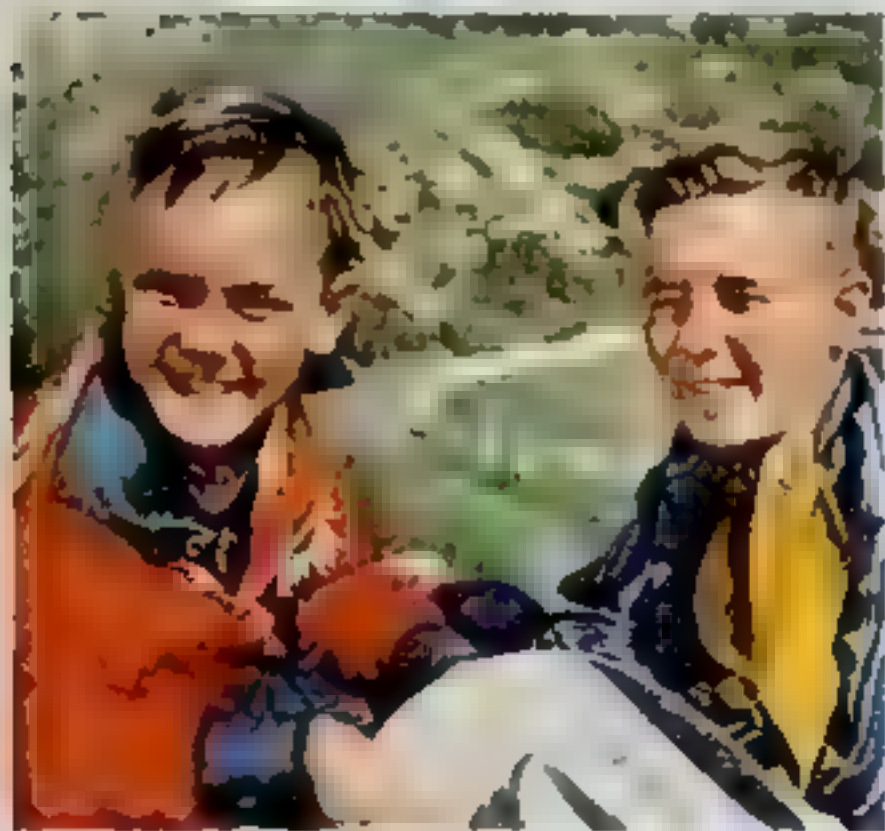


"Dale and the kids posed with our friend Trigger for this picture. You can bet it's one of my favorites. I got a honey of a blow-up of it, too—11-by-14!"

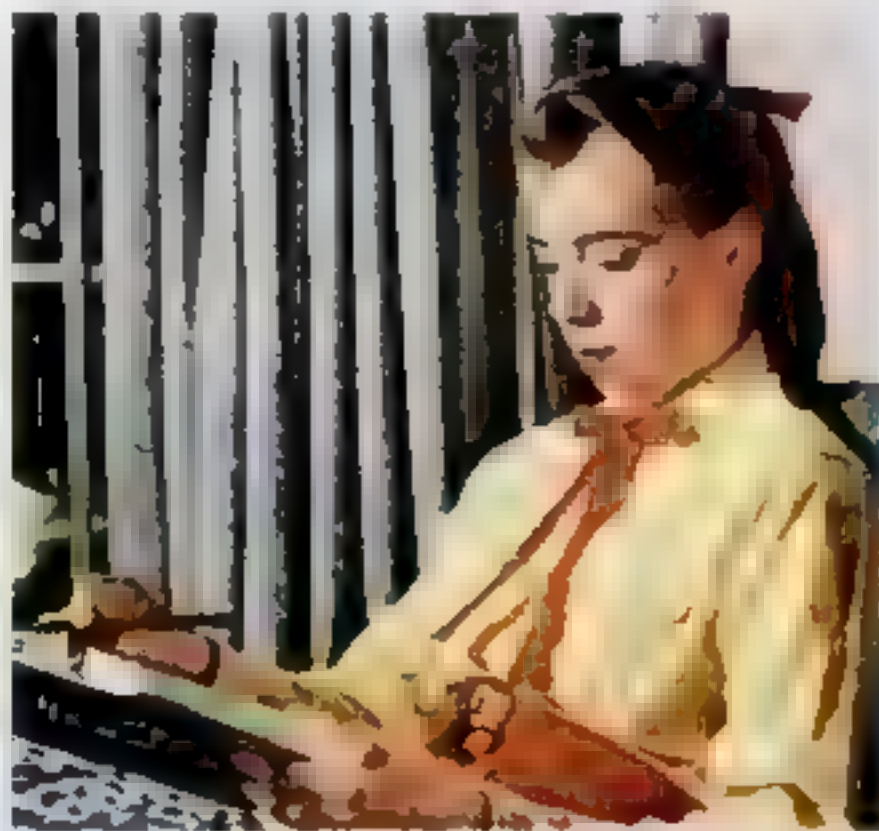
Roy Rogers says: "It's a cinch to take Kodacolor snapshots like these!"

The King of the Cowboys shoots his family with Kodacolor Film. Bull's-eye! Now you can take wonderful pictures like these!

"Mr take color pictures? Not so long ago, I'd have said you had the wrong cowboy. Now," says Roy Rogers, "I get 'em sure as shootin'—with Kodacolor Film. The color really comes out right! Have you loaded Kodacolor in *your* Brownie Camera yet?" (Try it in *any* camera. Kodacolor Film can be processed locally in many cities, or by Kodak. Ask your dealer.) Watch for Roy Rogers and Dale Evans every week on TV.



"Sandy (left) and Dusty, 12 and 13, stand look-out at our Double R Bar Ranch. Kodacolor Film gives me sharp, clear shots like this all the time!"



"Tenth-grader Linda is the sweetest sixteen you ever saw. You can see Kodacolor works as well indoors with regular flash as it does outdoors."



"Dodie (left) and Debbie, both 7, are our adopted 'babies.' Kodacolor Film shows them at their best."

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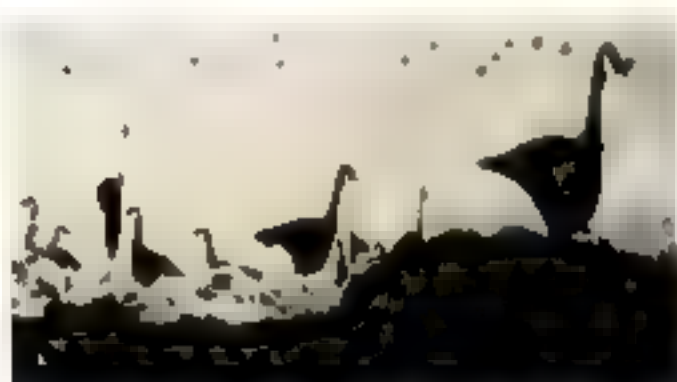


Photo by A. Aubrey Bodin

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A FLIGHT . . . varies from a dozen or so, to hundreds or more, as wave after wave of the birds come to their southern feeding grounds.



GEESSE DECOYS . . . these goose profiles lure in the passing birds to within shooting range.

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The Chesapeake is on one of the four great flyways of the nation. It's the annual port of call for millions of waterfowl

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The Bay country is a paradise for those who love the outdoors. There's hunting . . . fishing . . . swimming . . . boating . . . for this is a great land of pleasant living.

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One of the great beers of the country, we offer you National Beer as a symbol of quality from this land of pleasant living. Try it.

It's the TASTE that you'll like about National.

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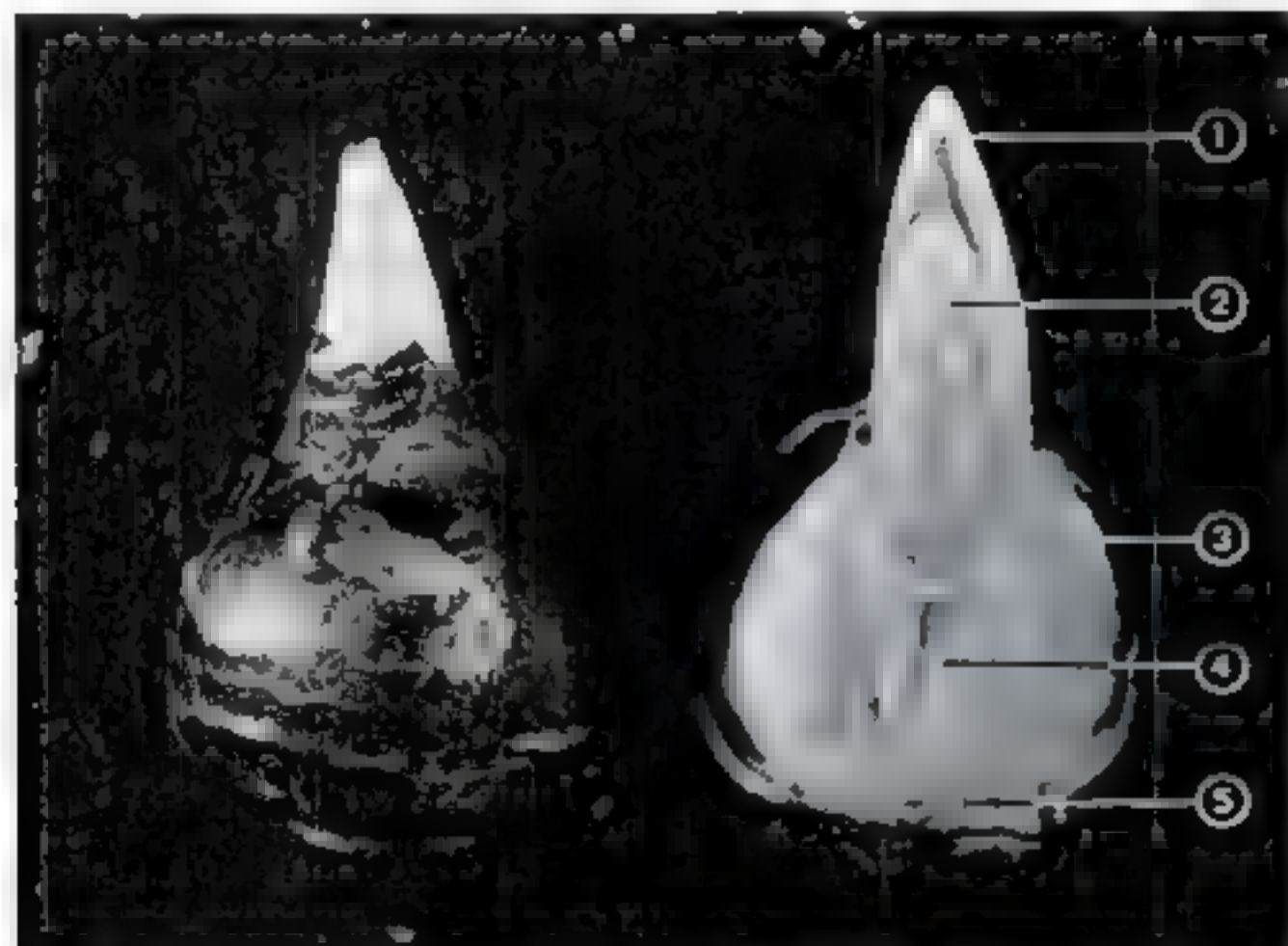


Daffodil bulb (center) is sliced in two (right) to show:
 1) growing tip, 2) embryo flower, 3) stem-to-be, 4) remains of old stem,
 5) germ of bulb which will bud from main bulb like one at far left,
 and 6) basal plate from which roots and next year's bulb will develop.

BULBS' GROWTH IS BUILT IN

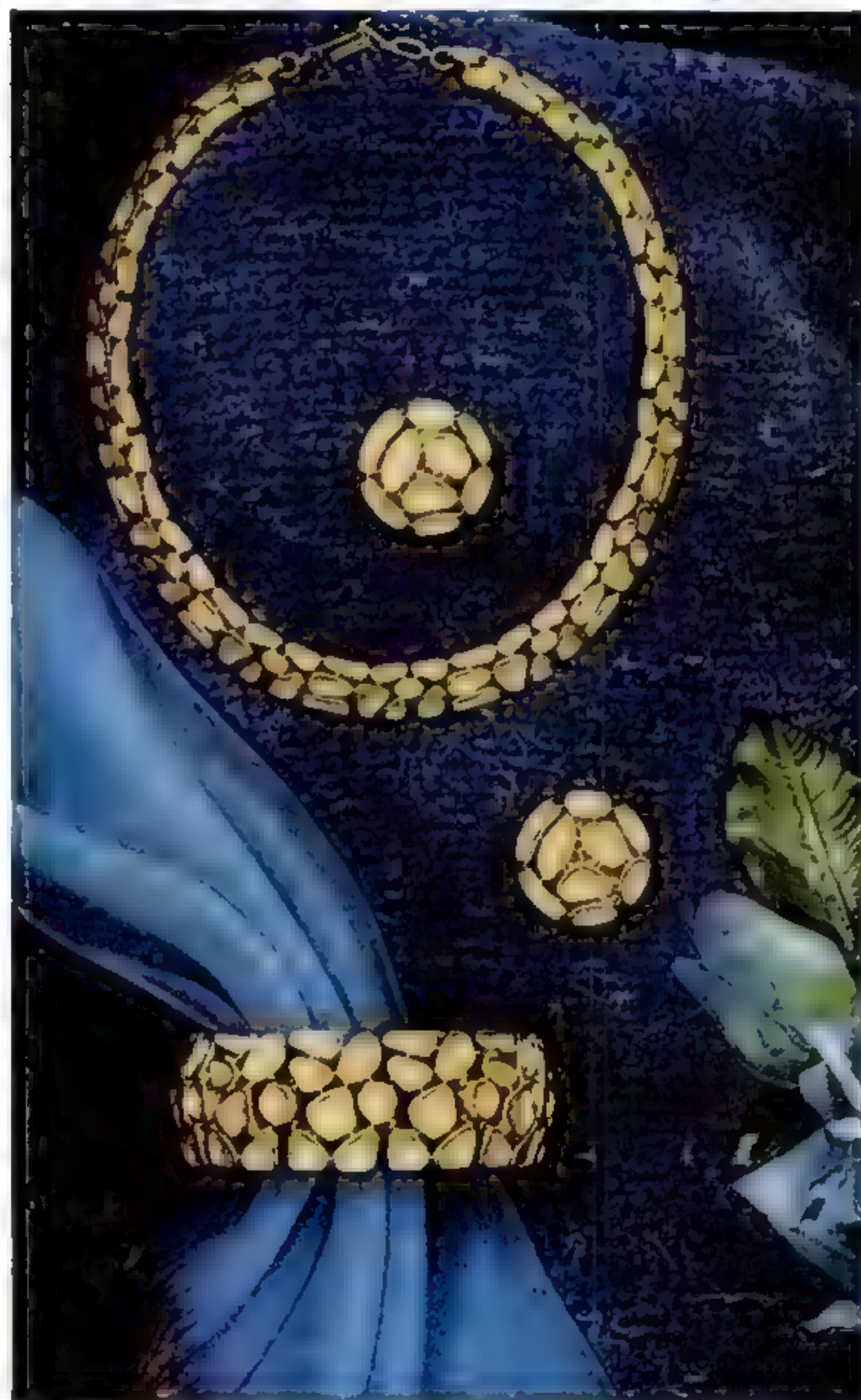
To the gardener half the beauty of tulips, hyacinths and daffodils is the ease with which they are planted and cared for. As the cutaways above and below show, the bulbs are marvels of miniaturization, containing in embryo nearly everything that they need to fulfill their function of producing flowers. For fertilizer they require only a sprinkling of bonemeal in spring and fall. They need to be given water only at planting or in a severe spring drought. They need no special soil, just a modicum of drainage which can be supplied in very heavy earth by sand, peat moss or fine gravel added under or around them. What they do need is to be planted in the fall or at least three weeks before the first hard frost so they can get a head start on spring by rooting and growing a little before they hibernate.

Tulips and hyacinths flower for at least two years before they need to be replaced. Daffodils go on indefinitely and also multiply underground so that every fourth or fifth year, when their foliage has yellowed, they should be dug up and separated, stored in a cool place over summer and planted again, spaced out. Planting the bulbs is ridiculously simple. Just make a bulb-sized hole five or six inches deep, put the bulb in, sharp end up, and press it down firmly so there are no air pockets underneath. Then sit back. If the winter is cold, so much the better: the blossoms will be that much larger and more vivid.



Hyalacinth bulb ready for planting (left) is an embryo. When it is sliced in half (right) parts of the grown plant can already be distinguished. Numbers mark tissues which will become: 1) foliage, 2) flower, 4) stem, 5) roots and new bulb. Scales (3) are food on which plant grows.

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The shoe: Smoothest, softest calf-skin sleeks your foot. Bows are artfully proportioned to flatter without a fuss. A shoe that registers beauty instantly. 12.99. Other styles, 6.99 to 12.99. Higher Denver West.

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A U.S. MUSIC MAN DELIGHTS MOSCOW

Moscow concert-goers had never encountered anything like Leonard Bernstein, America's gifted and versatile long-hair music man, who had come to tour Russia with the New York Philharmonic. The sight of the conductor gyrating on the podium, the rich sounds he drew from the orchestra, the talks he gave to introduce the music—all were new and wonderful

to Moscow. He gave a performance of Shostakovich that a Russian composer said was the best he had ever heard. He played two Stravinsky works virtually barred from the Soviet Union as "bourgeois" that brought down the house. The audience liked a work by the American Charles Ives so much that the orchestra had to play it twice. The official Soviet news

agency, using a word it rarely applies to anything, called the concerts "a triumph."

As these pictures by Carl Mydans show, the triumph was also a personal one for the exuberant American. The audiences radiated delight and appreciation and he radiated right back, saying the best thing was "the truly fabulous and unexpected reaction of these people."



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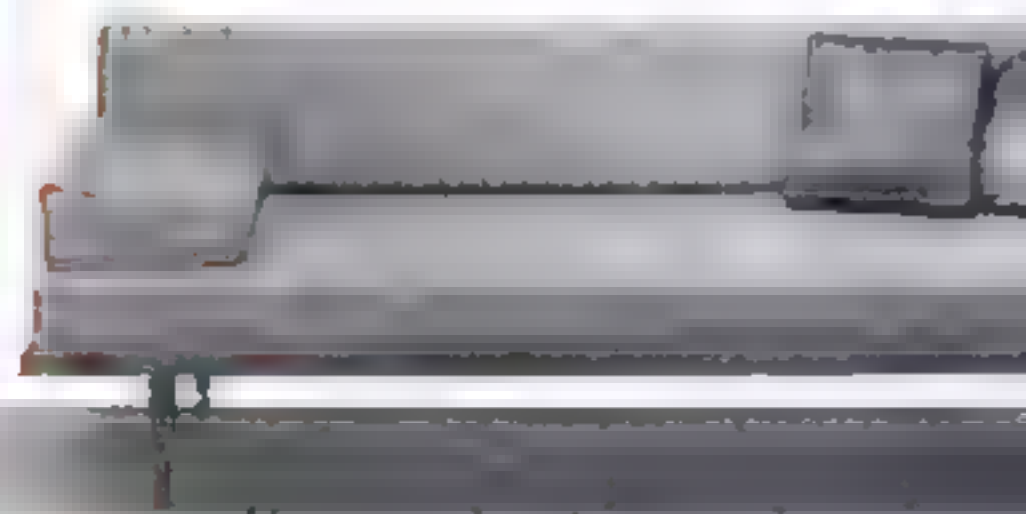
Now a brand new, fully automatic Shampoo Master that applies just the right amount of shampoo, carpet dries clean...no wiping up. The nationally accepted one-step home rug cleaning method that eliminates big costs and hard work. Four models to choose from—\$6.95 to \$13.95.

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Illustrated.
The Copri





BERNSTEIN CONTINUED



MEETING HIS COUSIN. Bernstein talks with Michael Zvanbom (center) from Dnepropetrovsk. Bernstein was born in the U.S. of Russian-born parents.

ADOPTING RUSSIAN CUSTOM. Bernstein applauds back at applauding audience which is delighted by his action. One of its ovations lasted 20 minutes.

CONTINUED

BISSELL CLEAN

a Bissell way to do it better!

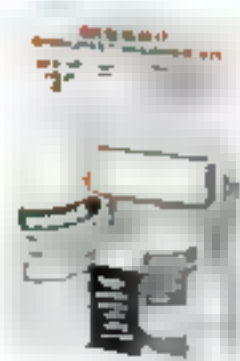
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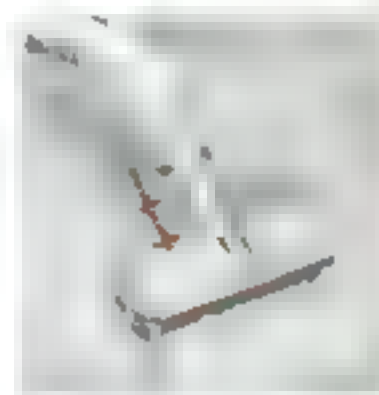


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BERNSTEIN



GETTING A BIRTHDAY GIFT at luncheon Bernstein—who is 11, holds up a sweater that was given him by the president of the Philharmonic Society. A

group of Russian cultural officials later gave Bernstein a private birthday party and drank many toasts to the enormous success of his five Moscow concerts.

BUY WORK AND PLAY CLOTHES TAILORED OF

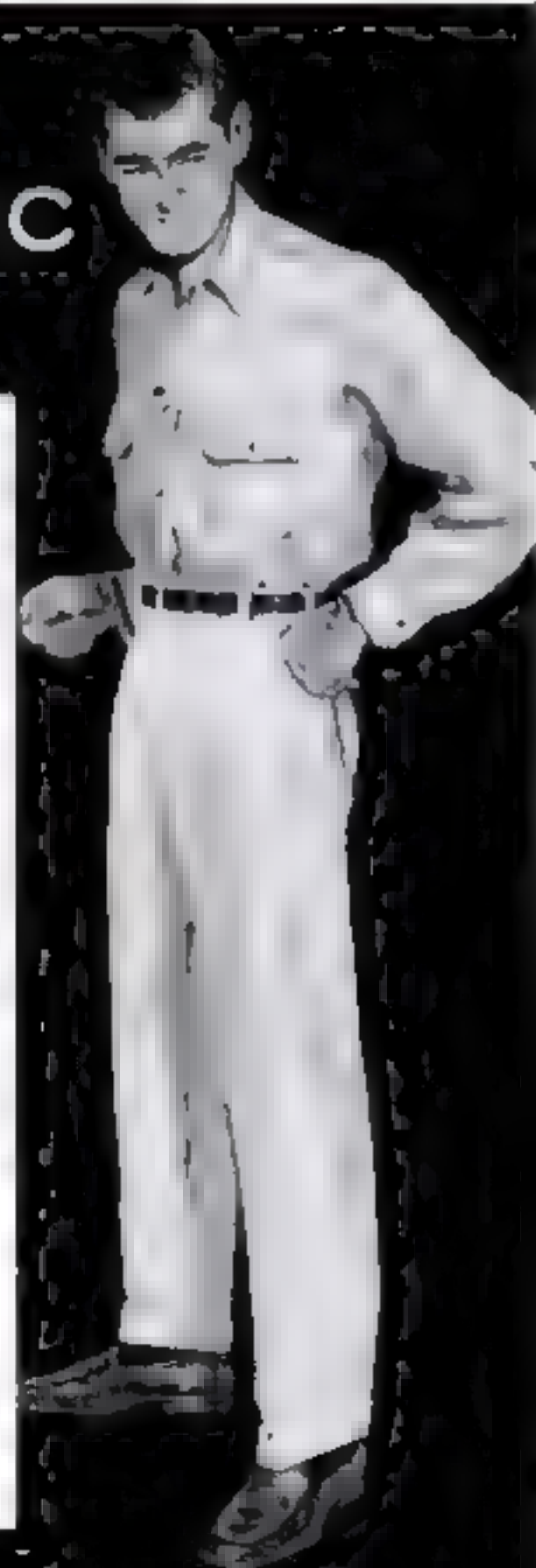
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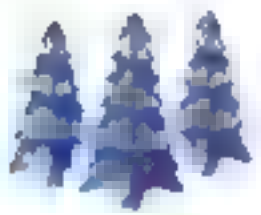
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Also makers of famous United States Type 1, 100% all Combed Cotton Twill and Type 420, Nylon-reinforced Twist Twill for 70% longer wear.



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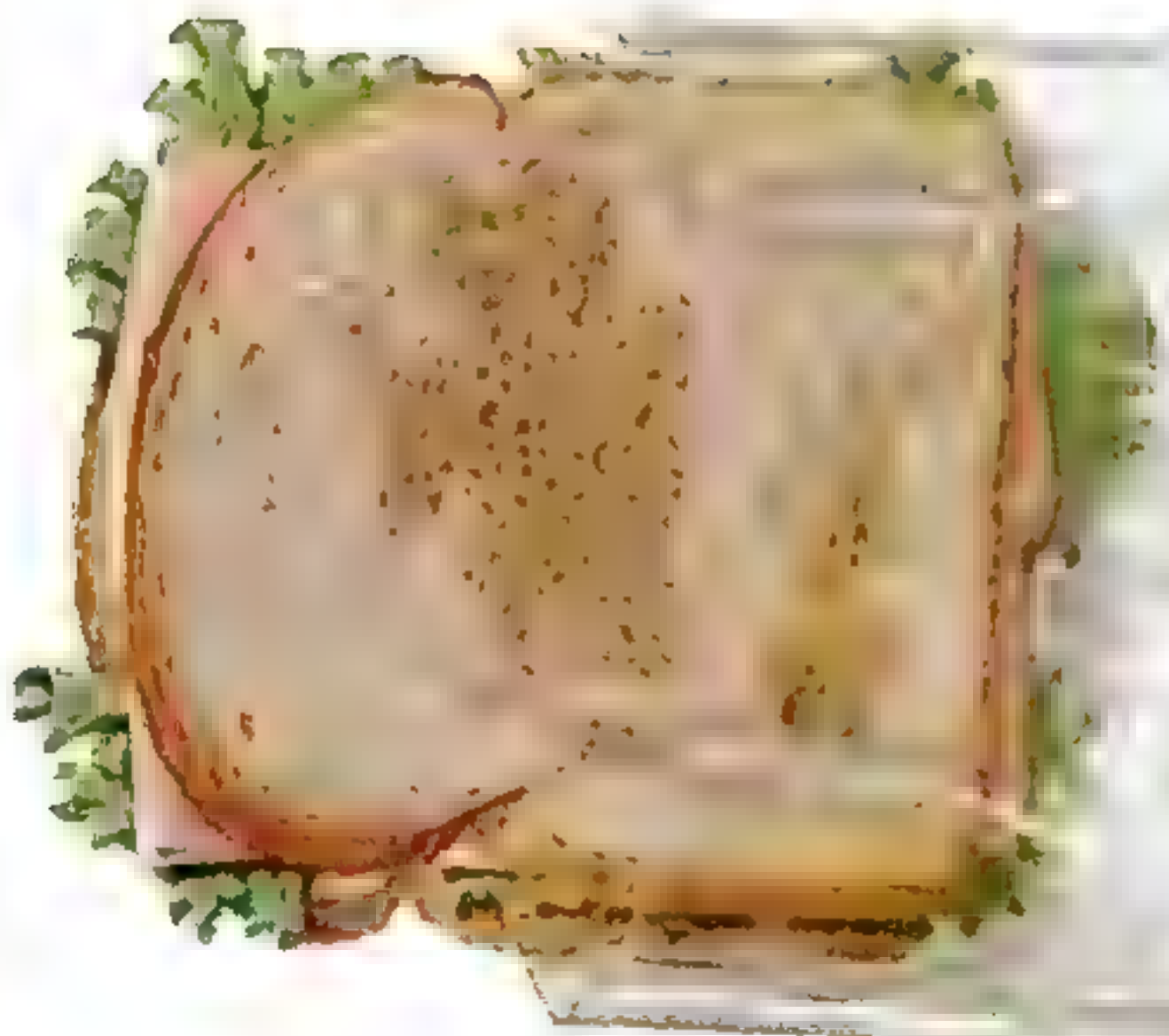
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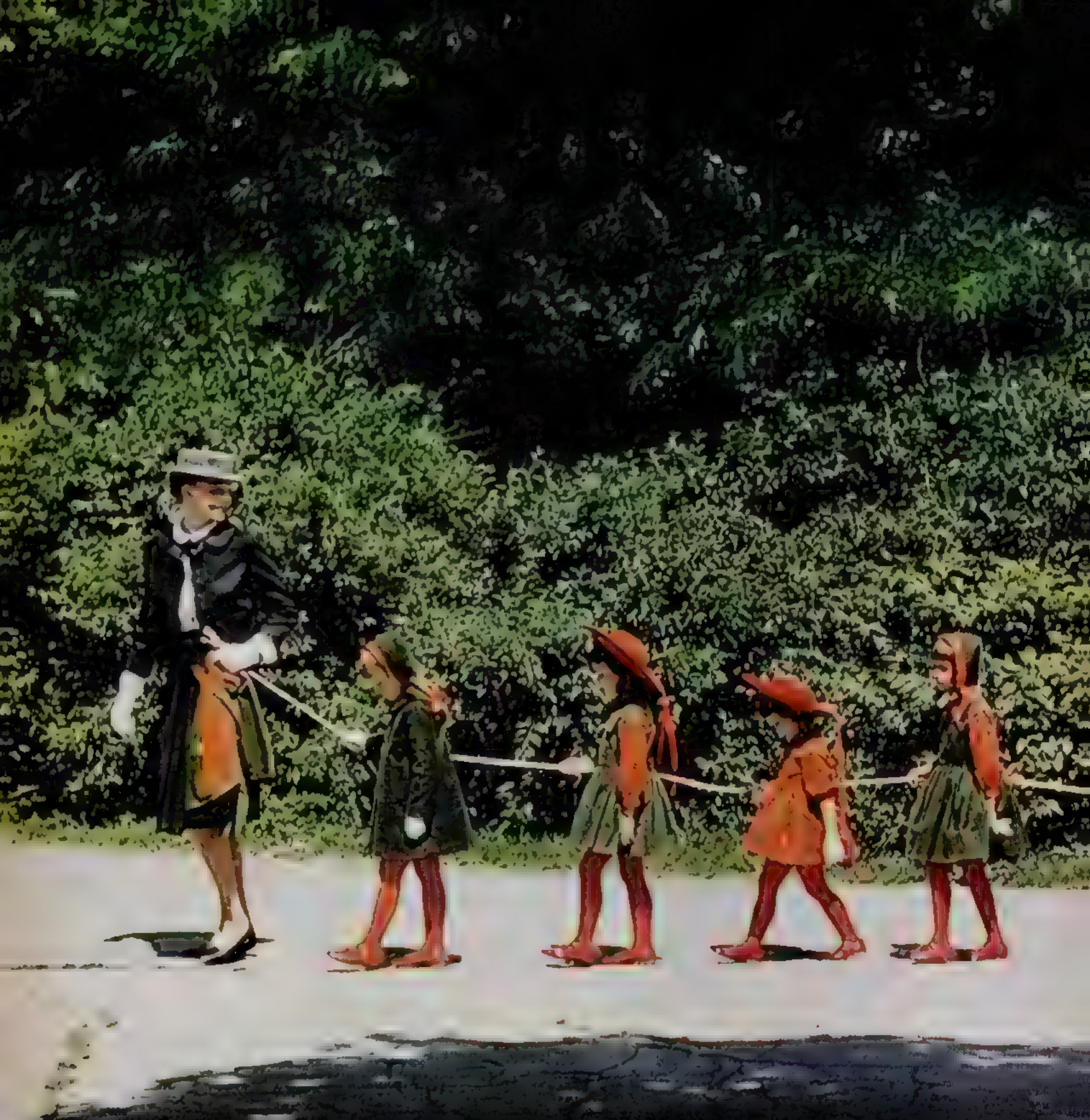
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Small-Size High-Style
on a Big Scale



The gaily clad kindergarten contingent above is a charming example of what can happen when the mass-producing U.S. fashion industry goes all out in high style. The youngsters are dressed by Helen Lee, a top children's designer and the only one in her field ever to win a Fashion Critics' Award. Her clothes are usually high priced and are sold only in selected stores. This fall she has done a collection for Sears, Roebuck which will be available at average Sears

prices through nine million catalogues and in 400 stores.

The children are wearing parts of a coordinated wardrobe in loden green and red. At left is a waterproof corduroy coat and bonnet (\$8.98). Next to it is a loden jumper (\$3.98) worn over a calico dress (\$4.98). The dress matches lining of coat and can be worn alone. Jumper can also be worn separately. At these prices even young ladies on limited budgets can be dressed by the Dior of the 3-6X set.

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TO MEET THE NEED FOR INDIANS IN TV WESTERN DELUGE, PALEFACE ACTORS LINE UP ON "LARAMIE" SET TO GET SPRAY-GUNNED WITH REDDISH PAINT

TV'S BIG FALL SCRAMBLE

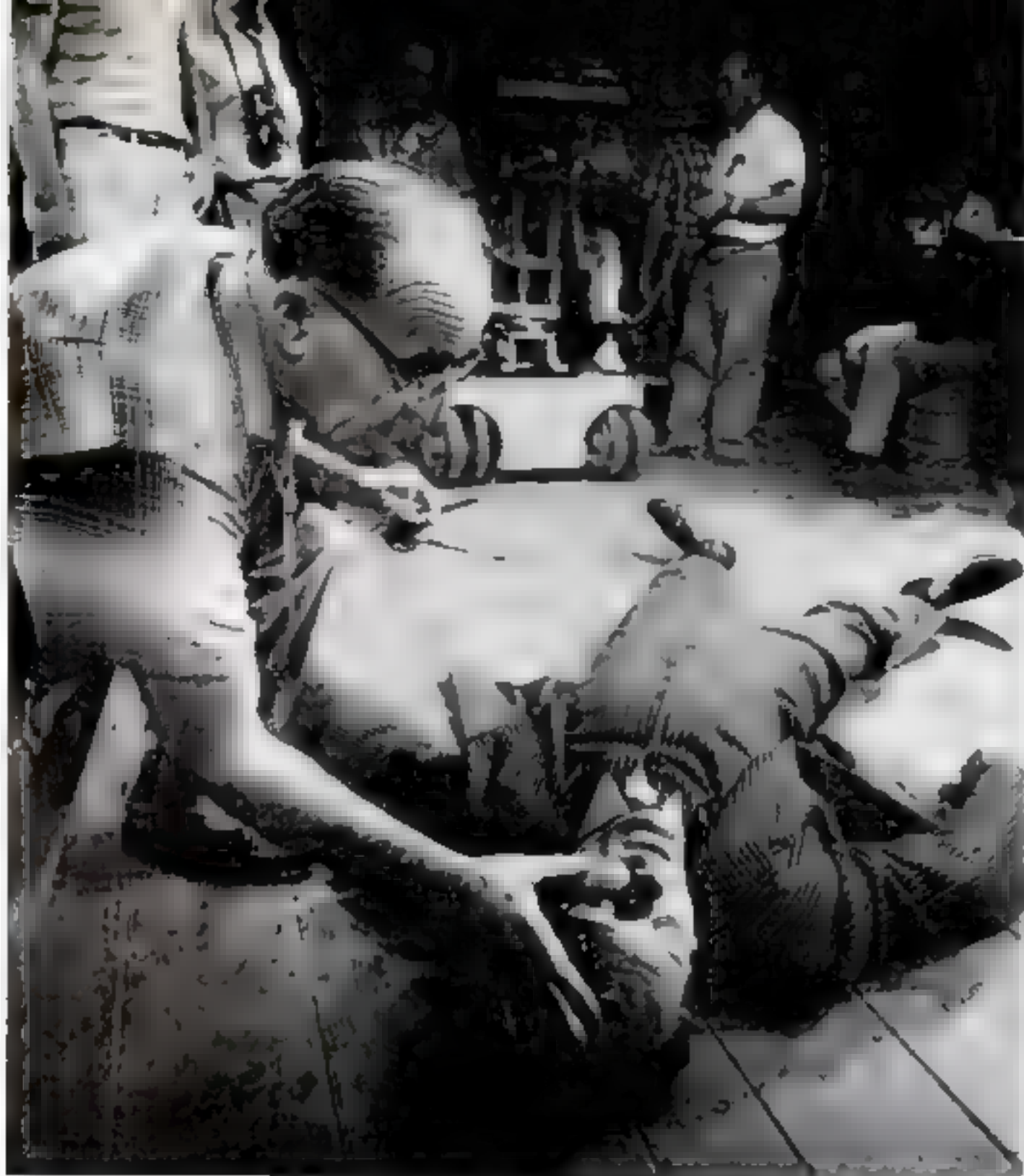
Hollywood frantically puts out record batch of filmed shows for new season

With the fever of a Klondike gold strike and the frenzy of a Mack Sennett chase, Hollywood TV producers are preparing the mammoth parade of shows which tens of millions of Americans will be watching on TV during the coming season. Nothing like it has ever been seen before in the film capital, or in the whole history of show business. Of the upcoming TV shows, 70% will be on film. Most of it will be the uninspired but thrill-ridden fare shoveled out to fill TV's voracious appetite. And virtually all of it will come from Hollywood where these pictures were taken—most of them by John Bryson. There today's telefilm output is 10 times larger than current feature movie production.

Almost anywhere you look are signs of the \$180 million splurge. Livestock owners are running out of horses. Costume makers have bleeding fingers. Make-up men paint acres of flesh to look like redskins (above).

Out of 116 serials now being filmed—most of them run 39 episodes apiece—35 are westerns and 32 are in the general category of crime, mystery and whodunits. The rest include a smattering of comedy, old-fashioned adventure, drama and, in tune with the times, three new space shows. In crowded studios actors from different worlds meet as they do on *LIFE's* cover where Gene Barry as Bat Masterson bumps into Bill Lundigan, hero of *Men into Space*.

With posses pounding into town, astro-men whizzing through space and fearful ordeals by fire, steam, snow and boiling lava, somebody was bound to get hurt. An extra fell off the moon and broke his arm. The 7-year-old star of *Dennis the Menace* was bitten twice by a chimpanzee. *Maverick's* James Garner went to the hospital suffering from fatigue and sick stomach. The diagnosis: the carefree *Maverick* had an ulcer.



TO SIMULATE BRUISES a make-up man daubs paint on the face of Robert Rockwell in *Man from Blackhawk* after he is knocked flat in a canal-barge brawl.

Fat times for actors

Long ago TV ran out of new themes for the bulk of its programs and is content to keep rehashing the old ingredients. But this season for the first time TV ran out of actors, especially in certain categories. There is a dearth of young actresses between 25 and 30, and of character actors between 60 and 70. The demand for male stars in TV series has tripled since last year. To fill the gaps, oldtime film favorites like Robert Taylor (below) are plunging into TV, along with newcomers like Gardner McKay (*LIFE*, July 6). Meanwhile the TV veterans carry on, helping each other out as Lucille Ball does at right appearing on Ann Sothern's show.



WELL-KNOWN NEWCOMER to TV series. Robert Taylor in *The Detectives* plays brave captain of detective squad confronting surly hoodlums in pool hall.



ON SET LUCILLE BALL SNARLS FOR FUN WITH ANN SOTHERN →



IN THE WEST Chuck Connors in *Riflemen* shoots back at the villains who roll their rickshaw at him



OUT IN SPACE fugitives from the earth in *Tar* light *Zoo* peer at control panel as cosmic space



ON HIGH SEAS in *Adventures in Paradise* Geraldine McKay (left) Ricardo Montalban light script

HASTY, HECTIC SCRIMPING OUT ON CUT-RATE RANGE

by SHANA ALEXANDER, *Life Correspondent*

TELEVISION horse opera can be graded like beef, from prime quality (\$50,000 a show and up) down to utility grade (\$25,000 a show). Prime horse opera may offer more and better adventure for the audience, but cooking up a utility western is a much greater adventure for the cooks. Nothing that will actually appear on the TV screens this fall can compare for thrills, chills and spills with the frantic operation of a low-budget TV film company racing to complete its daily quota of movie footage in the fastest possible time and at the lowest possible cost.

Since a utility crew has barely half the budget of the high-priced film-makers, it is often driven to attempt short cuts that are not quite legal under Hollywood's strict labor codes. Therefore, to paraphrase the industry's own language, the story we are about to tell you is true, but the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

The scene is the craggy, rock-strewn movie ranch where a popular TV series called *Trigger Finger* is filmed. Our cast is made up of 40-odd actors and technicians who arrive, bleary-eyed, at this rented rock pile at 8 a.m. in a Toonerville caravan of buses, equipment trucks and horse trailers. The first shot of the day is to be a view of the star, Marshal Finger, crouched behind a boulder at the base of a cliff. A band of Indians is about to creep over the cliff and ambush him while he is exchanging shots with the heavy, who is hiding in a cave.

We do not see the cave. The nearest cave is 100 miles away on a different ranch. Yesterday at the cave location the heavy crouched

behind his rock and snarled, "You'll never take me alive, Marshal!" Next week in the studio cutting room the marshal and the heavy will come within pistol range of each other for the first time when the cliff scene and the cave scene are spliced together.

Since utility western companies are dispatched to the same locations over and over again, directors soon become familiar with every wrinkle of every ranch. So this morning our director, Max Various, sets out purposefully across the rocks to the precise spot he has chosen for the first setup of the day, followed by a parade of technicians staggering under a mountain of equipment. When everything is ready half a dozen Indians tuck cigars, doughnuts and copies of *Variety* into their breechcloths and clamber up to their starting positions on top of the cliff. Speedy, the assistant director, shouts, "Remember, Apaches, come over the top one at a time! The two guys in the \$15 wigs come first. Guys in \$5 wigs stay in the background."

Meanwhile the director is setting up the action in the foreground while the actors follow his instructions in an impromptu rehearsal. "Now, Trigger, you get behind this rock, see? You say your line. The heavy answers. You exchange shots. Now, Speedy, this is where your Indians will start coming down the cliff. Trigger, you fire twice at the heavy. He shoots back. You duck. Roll over. Now you see the Indians. One big one is almost on top of you. You look horrified and—we cut! Got it?" The actor nods. "Okay boys. This will be a take," Various hollers. "Action!"

The hero's eyes narrow. "I'm givin' you one last chance, Slade," he calls. To supply the proper timing, the script girl reads Slade's answer tonelessly: "You'll never take me alive, Marshal." Firing breaks out, the Indians appear and almost magically the entire scene unrolls more or less the way it was supposed to.

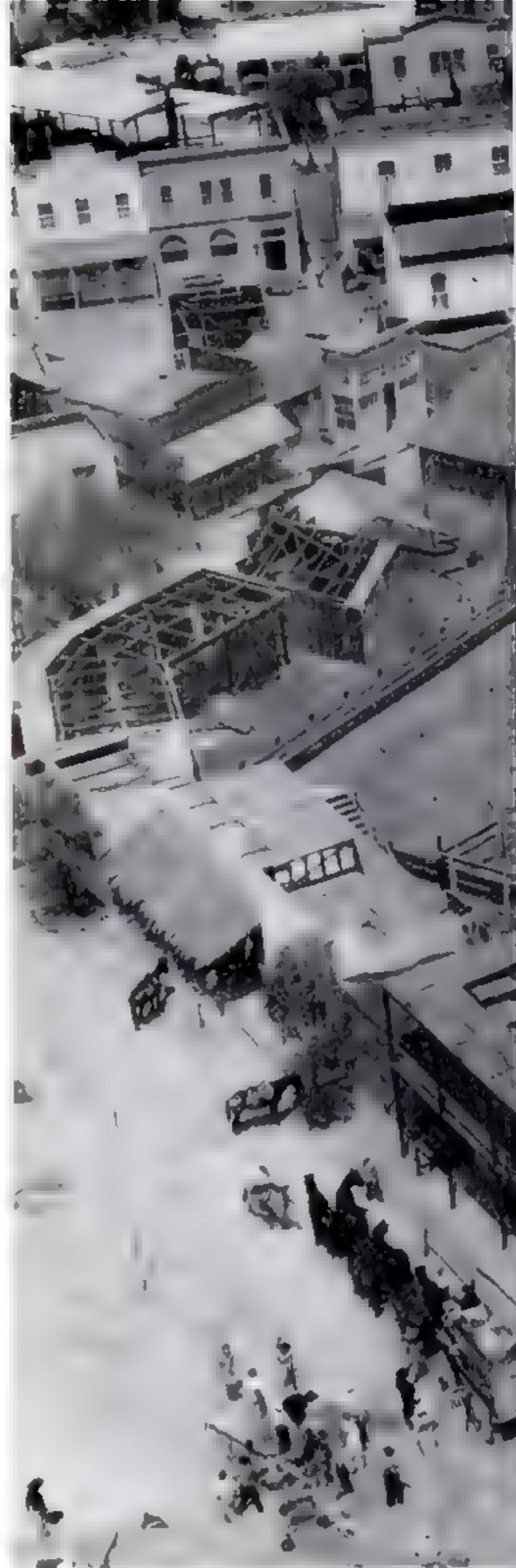
"Cut and print!" snaps Various, and he is off to set up the next shot, the rest of the crew trotting behind dragging chairs, cameras, reflectors and other paraphernalia.

To maintain this pace—35 to 60 setups a day, two-and-a-half days for each show—the cowboy industry has invented a country we may call the Utility West. Geographically it is an arroyo, butte or prairie within 75 miles of Hollywood. Historically the period is always eighteen-seventy-something. The reason for this is that Hollywood has accumulated an enormous stockpile of 1870 costumes and 1870 sets, all virtually interchangeable. To save even the time it takes to string up new signboards and props on a nameless 1870 street, two TV producers recently invented the flip-top street. All its false fronts are double faced—Dodge City on one side, Wichita on the other—and can swing around as efficiently as secret panels in a horror movie.

Nice guys in the Utility West wear white hats, heavies black. Utility Indians travel in Indian file only when stalking in close-up across the screen. Otherwise they spread out like



TIDYING AN INDIAN, TV wardrobe women check the hair, feather, paint on an extra in *Laramie*.

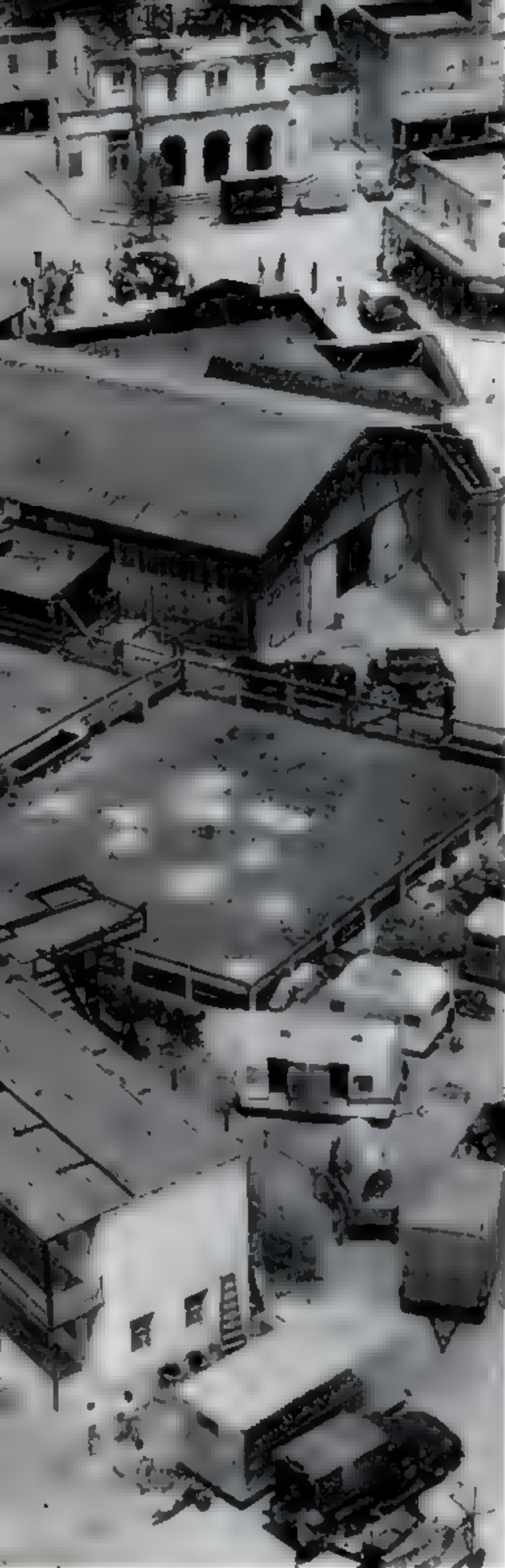


TWO TV WESTERNS (TOP, BOTTOM) ARE FILMED

paper dolls. The objective in both cases is to make a few Indians look like a lot. For the same reason, citizens in the background of an 1870 street are oddly muffled in funny hats, beards, glasses and bandannas. They cough into large handkerchiefs, they stoop, they limp. The same six extras can thus, in different shots, become a dozen or more slightly infirm and eccentric but definitely different townspeople.

There is little time for planning in the Utility West, but everybody develops special skills to compensate. Actors often become ventriloquists. In the middle of a scene the heavy may snarl, "You'll never take me alive, Marshal." Then as he sets his jaws defiantly, a small voice is heard through his clenched teeth. "Which way do I exit, left or right?"

Stunt men in the Utility West are not only extraordinary acrobats but quick-change artists



AT ONCE ON THE WARNER BROTHERS MOVIE LOT

as well. The same stunt man who doubles for the marshal during the Indian fight also plays the Murderous Apache who leaps off the cliff to attack him. One stunt man first played a soldier stringing telegraph wire atop an 18-foot pole and then, as an Indian, burned himself to the ground.

The all-time record for multiple identity probably goes to the man who in one series did 19 saddle falls as 10 different characters. Then in one ambush scene he played six different desperadoes hiding in the treetops. Wearing different hats, he was shot out of the trees six different ways. Four times it was the same tree.

Both stunt men and extras are entitled to bonus pay for such unusual assignments. Late one afternoon a cavalry patrol was supposed to ride into an Indian ambush and get wiped out. The going rate for falling off a horse is

\$100, and to avoid this tariff the assistant ordered the troopers to die slumped in their saddles. The riders objected that even a saddle slump entitled them to some extra compensation. As the argument waxed, daylight waned. Finally the exasperated assistant cried, "All right, everybody dismount and sit around in a circle and sing!" In the finished picture the patrol got through half a chorus of *Dixie* before each man toppled gently sidewise with an arrow in his back. No horse fall, no saddle slumps, no extra pay.

Make-up men have their own time-saving, money-saving tricks. They can spray blood, sweat or tears from a pressurized can, and a great debate is now raging over the advantages of sprayed Indians versus the genuine, reservation variety. Northeast of the Grand Canyon lies a vast wilderness which appeals to the utility horse opera companies because it is free from telephone poles on the horizon, interference from airplanes and wage jurisdiction from the Screen Extras Guild. The region also contains plenty of real Navajos who do not mind working for \$12.50 a day. On the other hand, they do not know how to ride a horse bareback and they sometimes fail to show up for work. A hand-tinted union Indian, imported from Hollywood, is punctual and can ride, but he costs about \$70 a day—including the rental of his horse and costume.

There is no known instance of an out-of-work actor answering the question "Can you ride a horse?" in the negative. One actor was cast as the firebrand of a cavalry troop before it was discovered that his previous equestrian experience had been confined to playing half of a talking horse in vaudeville. For 39 shows this unsung hero led every charge screaming "Whoa! Whoa!" and clinging to the saddlehorn for dear life. Two stunt men were permanently assigned to ride on either side of him to keep him from falling. Once he unwittingly evaded them and slammed to earth in front of the cameras. To avoid reshooting the scene the director inserted a closeup shot of an Indian firing a rifle just before the crash.

Any good action director is an accomplished improviser. The co-star of one 39-week show broke his back when five episodes remained to be shot. The director had the actor's voice recorded at the hospital so it could be dubbed onto the sound track; a double was substituted for him in the long shots and, for close-ups, sequences were snipped out of the earlier shows. The remaining scripts were rewritten to feature the other co-star. This worked until the morning the shooting was to begin for the final show, when the second co-star failed to show up. It was the improviser's finest hour. A second double was summoned and the entire episode was made without either one of its leading men. Though this curious footage has now been seen many times on television, not one viewer has ever spotted the deception.

On another series a haystack in the courtyard of a frontier fort accidentally caught fire, and a fireman turned a hose on the blaze. Black clouds suddenly mushroomed skyward, and it appeared that the whole fort was going up in flames. The cameraman went into a frenzy. "Cast! Extras! Everybody! Run through the smoke!" he screamed. It was an unexpected opportunity for some highly dramatic footage, and a flaming fort scene could be written later to fit. Almost instantly a grim patrol of troopers came advancing through the smoke, pistols

drawn. Indians prowled through in the opposite direction. While the director shouted orders to keep the advancers and prowlers from colliding inside the cloud, another photographer knocked off several grim-jawed portraits of the star silhouetted against the holocaust.

But sometimes the best improvisation needs cooperation from the cast. A few years ago one young bit player was supposed to fall dead from the saddle. When he missed his cue several times, the director attached a wire around the actor's waist so that he could be dragged out of the saddle. Still the boy proved incapable of dying properly. All the director's ingenuity could not produce a convincing death and the role was given to another actor, who dropped dead perfectly on the first take—and thereby removed himself permanently from the series. But the bad actor lived on as a minor but regular member of the cast. Today he is the star of his own television show.

There is no end to the perils of the Utility West—sun, wind, mud, dust, insects. But the greatest peril of all is nightfall. A horse opera can be made without horses if necessary, and much of it appears to be made without actors, but it cannot be made in the dark. Indeed the onset of dusk afflicts the rich and the poor shows alike. Each afternoon as the sun drops toward the horizon, film crews lug their equipment to higher and higher ground to catch the last rays of sunshine. There are 30 or 40 such summits scattered through the Hollywood hinterland, and they are all called by the same name: Panic Peak. The last shots must be taken there before it is too late. And so as twilight falls we take our leave of Trigger Finger, toiling up the slopes of Panic Peak while the sun sinks slowly in the Utility West. The economics of TV horse opera being what they are, the chances are good that when our hero makes it to the top, he will have a clear view across the Hollywood Hills to Maverick, Sugarfoot, Yancy, Bat, Cheyenne and Paladin, each toiling up a Panic Peak of his own.



INEPT INDIAN has a tough time practicing ropetwirling, against time when he will be a cowboy.



INDUSTRIOUS DIRECTOR Montgomery Pittman, who worked on three different TV series in two weeks,

tells Italian Actress Luciana Paluzzi how to phone while taking a bubble bath in a new spy series, *Five Fingers*.

Toilers, tailors behind a boom

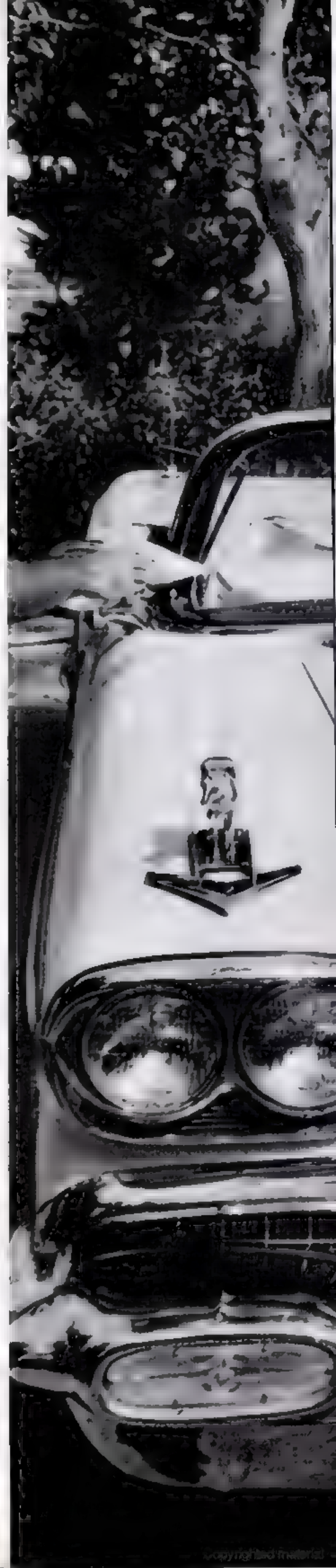
To turn out the nearly 2,500 miles of TV film which will unroll before the nation's eyes this season requires the talents of countless toilers whose names merely zip by in the credits. In the heat of Hollywood's boom, directors and writers rush from job to job, proving their versatility and improving their fortunes. One man who remains

a simon-pure specialist is the tailor (right) known as Nudie—he refuses to reveal his full name. Nudie makes 80% of all the fancy duds for western stars, drives to studios and actors' homes for fittings in the darnedest car in Hollywood—a white convertible decorated with water buffalo horns, three shotguns, nine pistols, a front seat saddle.



PROLIFIC WRITER, Jim Henderson, works at once on *Sugarfoot*, Groucho Marx show and a soap opera.

FRANTIC TAILOR named Nudie delivers a new coat → to Cowboy Johnny Smith in his pistol-packing Pontiac.





THE FARCICAL FINISH OF A

Once-gay liner suffers a sad sea change, burned and blasted to satisfy

THE death and destruction of great ocean ships is, by tradition, attended by violence and confusion. In the sinking of the famous liner *Ile de France* a few weeks ago this tradition was carried to spectacular lengths, establishing a degree of turbulence which may never again be matched in maritime history. The vessel's final voyage began with a series of fierce quarrels over her fate and ended with a legal dispute over money. In between, her captain was knocked flat by a fire hose, burly U.S. Marines were introduced into her salon wearing wigs and dresses, her crew was infiltrated by Japanese thugs and a beautiful girl lay under a heap of mangled steel while frenzied people struggled to keep her false eyelashes from dropping off. Below decks bulkheads crumpled and tons of water surged through the engine room. At one point a well-known movie producer was seen dancing crazily with his wife around the wreckage of the ship's forward smokestack, which moments before had come crashing down onto the captain's quarters.

Of all this tumult only the producer's action really seemed logical. His was a dance of triumph. As the first man ever to arrange and preside personally over the final hours of a great vessel, Andrew Lysander Stone had hoped to accomplish no more than a modest measure of turmoil. He ended by achieving absolute chaos. Naturally he was delighted.

No act of war destroyed the ill-fated *Ile de France*. Neither fog nor iceberg nor shrieking wind nor crushing sea brought her low. Stone literally blew most of the *Ile de France* apart — to get realistic footage for a sea film.

When fate brought Stone and the *Ile de France* together, the man and the ship were well met. At 792 feet, with two stacks, the *Ile* was not the largest or the fastest of ocean liners. But the retiring queen of the French Line's Atlantic fleet was indisputably the most glamorous. Standing 6 feet tall, with bushy eyebrows



← U.S. FILM-MAKERS, Andrew and Virginia Stone, lured the *Ile* so they could wreck it for their film.



FAMOUS OLD SHIP

film-maker's yen for realism by ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

and a lofty brow, Andrew Stone was not the greatest producer in Hollywood. But he was more hell-bent on violent film realism than anyone in Hollywood's brief but gory history.

Blue-eyed, hoot-chinned and possessed of a will of iron, Stone had become a legend in Hollywood making movies of terror and suspense. To Stone hair-raising events are not the idle fictions some people might think. He believes they often actually happen. Stone sees the world mainly in terms of jeopardy, filled with deadly traps for the unwary. Should anyone doubt this, Stone points to his enormous "poison file." This file, which Stone and his wife, Virginia Lively Stone, who customarily acts as his coproducer, started amassing in 1950, now contains records of 1,093 real-life poisonings.

According to Stone, this grisly dossier clearly establishes the unsuspected presence in the public's midst of thousands of husbands who have poisoned their wives, of wives who have murdered their husbands, and of parents who have liquidated their children. "The detected poisoner," says Stone, "is a person who has already murdered an average of five victims before being caught."

In search of a sinkable ship

SOME of the more violent fruits of Stone's profitable dalliance with film disaster include *Cry Terror* (kidnaping and extortion), *Julie* (a husband tries to kill his wife in an airliner) and *A Blueprint for Murder* (a pretty widow on a murder spree). As a writer-producer-director, Stone relentlessly insists on authentic backgrounds. Once he nearly asphyxiated an expensive cast of actors by shooting a scene in a Hoboken, N.J. railway tunnel. When his film characters are to be lashed by rainstorms, Stone sees to it that the rainstorms are real. Since 1950 he has made nine movies. Not one

foot of any of them was filmed either in a movie studio or against a fake outdoor set. They were all shot on location.

Searching for new locations suitable for authentic-looking scenes of suspense, Stone had for several years been working out a movie script in which an ocean liner would be the main prop. In the script, which he called *The Last Voyage*, the ship was not only to kill all its passengers and crew but also destroy itself. There would be no villains; all the people in the picture were to be victims of circumstance. Stone spent months ransacking newspaper files for accounts of real-life disasters at sea. At night he used to dream of panicking passengers trapped amid fires and explosions. He devoted all his waking moments to devising ingenious twists which would increase their jeopardy.

For instance, he visualized a woman passenger trapped in her cabin under a mass of wreckage with water stealthily filling the cabin. The woman implores her husband to leave her, to save himself and their child. The husband gets the child off the ship but comes back to stay with his trapped wife. Finally an acetylene tank is found; the woman can be cut free. At the last moment the key to the acetylene tank does not fit. Says Stone, "The secret of a suspense movie is to keep someone in jeopardy all the time until the audience feels it simply cannot bear any more."

As a stern stickler for realism, Stone naturally insisted that the ship in *The Last Voyage* be a real ship, with real fires, real explosions and, if possible, a real sinking.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where Stone has a contract as an independent producer, the management expressed interest in Stone's script but inquired where he thought he was going to find a spare ocean liner. Stone replied that he expected M-G-M to buy him one.

Not a whit discouraged by M-G-M's negative reaction, Stone decided to try to find a suitable

CONTINUED



JAPANESE SCRAPMAN, Seichi Okada. He's owner, kept blocking Stone's plans for big destruction.



THE ILL-FATED VICTIM of movie realism, the *Ile de France* lies at her final resting place, the Okada

salvage yard near Osaka, Japan, after the movie had been completed. With her forward smokestack gone

and her inside gutted, she was turned over to the scrapyard workers for piece-by-piece destruction.

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BLOWUP IN GRAND SALON sent furniture and dummy figures flying. Seated at far left are real-life U.S. Marines, some of them wearing wigs to resemble

END OF THE 'ILE' CONTINUED

ship himself and went abroad. In Hamburg, German shippers looked at one another and tapped their foreheads significantly. In Glasgow, Stone was hospitably received by Scotsmen, who took him for a sail on Loch Lomond but firmly declined to let him have a Clydeside liner.

Temporarily checked but still burning to get his hands on a steamship, Stone and his wife Virginia sailed for home. Three days out they were standing at the rail when the 44,356-ton liner *Ile de France* majestically glided past their ship in mid-Atlantic. The spectacle filled the Stones with the hopeless hunger of children watching an extra-large cookie jar slowly slip out of reach. Then a fellow passenger nodded toward the *Ile de France* and heaved a sentimental sigh. "It's a shame," he said. "She's on her last voyage. They're retiring her." "She's the one! She's the one!" shouted Stone, throwing his long, apelike arms around Virginia.

Back in Hollywood, Stone wasted not a minute. The *Ile* had been knocked down for \$1,260,000 to a Japanese salvage merchant named Seiichi Okada. "Send someone to Japan to hire the *Ile de France* from Okada," Stone told M-G-M. And, confident that fate had delivered the great ship into his hands, he immediately set about casting the movie.

Captained by a Japanese skipper and a skeleton Japanese crew of 67, the *Ile de France* sailed from Le Havre for the last time on Feb. 26, 1959, watched by hundreds of misty-eyed Frenchmen. A band played the *Marseillaise*. As a gesture to French feelings, the ship flew the tricolor until she was out of sight of shore. Then she hauled it down and replaced it with the sun flag of Japan.

By the time she had anchored outside the port of Osaka on April 9, it had been agreed between M-G-M and the Okada salvage people that Stone could rent the ship for \$4,000 a day. He and his crew were free to set fire to the cabin-class dining saloon, flood the engine room and the first-class dining saloon, blow up the grand salon and the forward



MAKE-UP TROUBLE plagued Actress Dorothy Malone whose fake eyelashes came off in water. Here, wedged in wreckage for scene, she puts them back on.



female passengers. Marines were the only members of the movie's cast whom Producer Stone was able to browbeat into staying in room during explosion.

hatch, knock down the forward stack, and pump water into the bows until the ship sank as far as she would safely go.

The first of what eventually seemed endless objections to Stone's program came from the French government. It fired off indignant distress signals, intimating that if any attempts were made to exploit the name and fame of the *Ile de France* in Stone's movie, M-G-M might have a tough time exhibiting its films in France in the future. The ship's superstructure, as well as her lifeboats and life rings, was still marked *Ile de France*. To mollify France the name was painted out and replaced with *Olympus*, the name Stone had selected for the ill-fated ship in his *Last Voyage* script.

No sooner was this done than the Greek Line threatened suit because it had a ship called *Olympia*. After toying with such suggestions as *Satanic*, Stone had the name changed again, this time to *Claridon*.

The day after the Stones reached Japan the ship was bustling with activity. Japanese workmen in sweatshirts and split-toed rubber boots scurried about loading cases of dynamite and cutting holes in the steel decks in preparation for explosions and fires. The Stones directed operations from the ship's Versailles Suite, which they had turned into their working quarters. Stone wanted new murals copied from a picture book of the *Arabian Nights*. An Osaka firm of decorators promptly sent 140 artists aboard. "It was the damndest thing you ever saw!" Stone recalls. "Half of them climbed up on bamboo ladders and started painting the upper parts of men and horses. The rest ducked under the ladders and painted away like mad, underneath the other fellows. The upper halves and the lower halves fitted together perfectly, and the nine murals were finished in two days."

Stone hired a demolition squad from among the U.S. Marines stationed in Japan. Some of them also doubled as extras. The other extras were a mixed lot: English girls from Kobe, wives of American servicemen, White Russians and Poles, even a French judo expert. Overflowing the first-class staterooms where they were lodged, they

CONTINUED



ROUGH ROLE kept Miss Malone neck deep in cold water during a prolonged scene in which her movie husband (Robert Stark) tries to arrange her rescue.

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SETTING UP DRINKS for scene, Virginia Stone pours coffee, diluted so that it will resemble whisky, into bottle at the *Ile de France*'s famous bar.

END OF THE 'ILE' CONTINUED

sat up all night in the ship's Café de Paris playing poker, wearing paper hats with *Ile de France* printed on the bands and false beards left over from gay shipboard parties. When not thus engaged, the extras formed exploration parties and, screwdrivers in hand, thoroughly ransacked the ship, removing signs and anything portable, as souvenirs.

All this was far more exhilarating for the extras than playing in Stone's movie. From time to time Stone found himself with hardly any extras at all and had to whip astonished workmen from their proper tasks to take part in panic scenes. When the foreman complained, Stone brushed the complaint aside and lodged one of his own. "Tell them," he commanded, "that they are overacting. They must cut their panic at least 50%."

From Hollywood, Stone had summoned Edmond O'Brien, Dorothy Malone, Robert Stack and other professionals. George Sanders, who played the doomed ship's doomed captain, came from Switzerland, bringing his wife Benita, the former Mrs. Ronald Colman. O'Brien and Stack also brought their wives along. Dorothy Malone brought her mother.

Though they were allotted staterooms, the stars generally preferred to return each night, after the customary 14 hours of shooting, to the relative comforts of the Osaka Grand Hotel in Osaka. Their appearance there caused considerable stir. They would arrive straight from a scene in flaming engine room or flooded cabin, grimy, blistered, dripping water, their stage clothes in rags, flaunting realistic head or leg wounds (made with plastic blood mixed with cocoa). On one occasion, seeing an exhausted actor reel through the hotel swinging door into the lobby, apparently dripping with blood, a lady hotel guest fainted on the carpet.

Blowtorches, bandages and boiler plate

IN the ship's indoor swimming pool carpenters built a set to represent a wrecked cabin which became widely known as Dorothy's Hell. Playing the part of the woman passenger who is trapped under a mass of boiler plate and whose husband battles to save her as the ship goes down, Miss Malone lay prone under real wreckage for hours while icy waters lapped around her. Because of innumerable mishaps, the scene took four days to shoot. There was trouble filling the swimming pool. Nobody knew how the valves worked. Sometimes the pool and the cabin set would fill rapidly, only to empty inexplicably with a rhythmic mambolike glug-glug-glug-glug just as the cameras were ready to roll. Sometimes the water, which was usually chilly, came in steaming hot. Once there was no water at all and the effects man finally filled the pool with a local mineral water called Nippon Evian, poured from innumerable quart bottles. Most disconcerting of all, Dorothy's eyelashes kept falling off and had to be stuck on again.

Miss Malone's ordeal did not end there. Having finally been successfully filmed, complete with eyelashes and wedged under the boiler plate, she had to be filmed being cut out of it with a real acetylene torch. The torch was wielded by Edmond O'Brien, who spent several days on the forward deck practicing how to cut through the two-inch-thick steel without cutting through Dorothy too. While a white uniformed Japanese nurse stood by with bandages, Dorothy was wrapped in wet asbestos, and the people splashing about in the waterlogged cabin were all ordered to wear hip-length rubber boots. Eying these preparations dubiously, Miss Malone asked what they were for. "In case something goes wrong and you all get electrocuted, dear," replied



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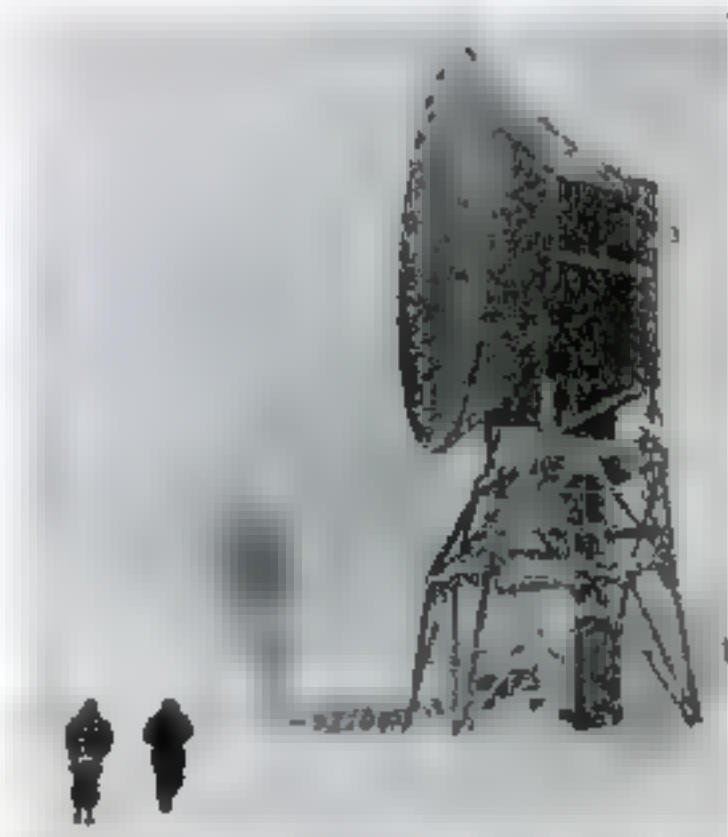
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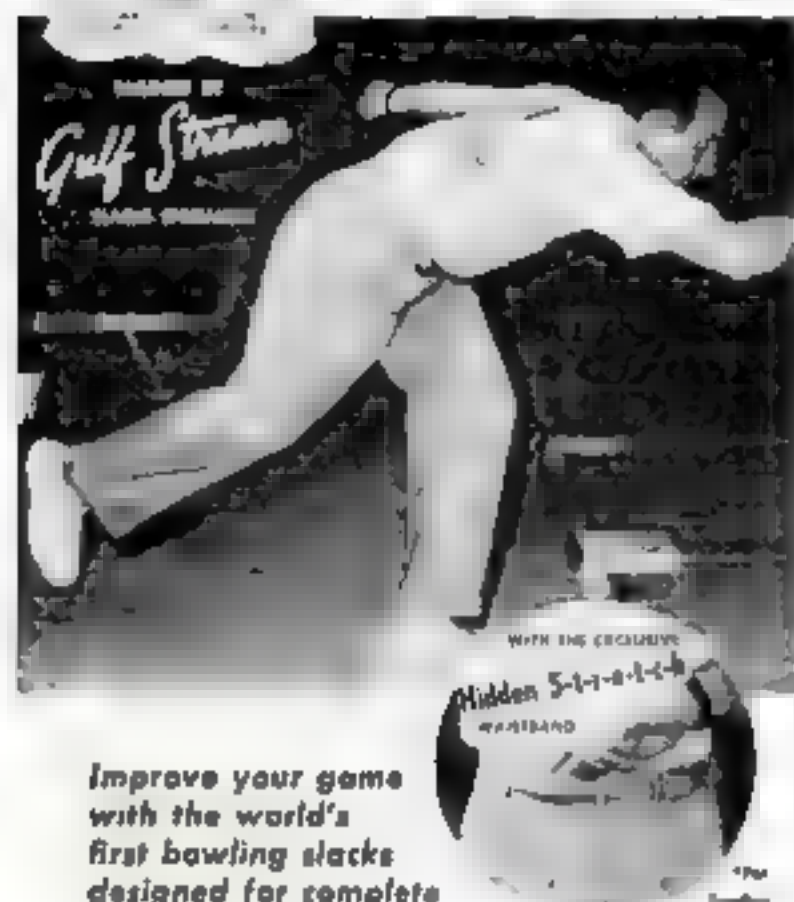


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BITTER HASSLE over how much damage could be done to ship brought Okada (left, with plans of *Ile*) and Stones (right) to dining room conference.

END OF THE 'ILE' CONTINUED

Virginia Stone cheerfully. O'Brien, a notorious lid-flipper whose nerves were on edge, at this point threw himself down in the water, flailing his arms and emitting banshee yells.

Through all this Stone was furiously impatient to get on to his real passion, the spectacular explosions. But he was frustrated by mysterious delays. Finally he discovered that the Osaka port authorities were withholding his explosion permit because they feared he might blow up all the other ships in the bay along with the *Ile de France*. The Okada Gumi Company, which had rented the ship to M-G-M, was also dragging its feet. When the Stones ventured off the ship into Osaka, they were often confronted by Okada emissaries, lurking in wait to present them with large bills. Once the bill was for \$60,000, and the bill presenters demanded cash on the barrelhead and threatened they would immediately cut off all the ship's power if it were not instantly forthcoming.

A battle developed between the Stones and Okada's lawyers. There were daily conferences on board attended by two ship's captains. One of these was the proper captain of the vessel; the other, an Okada official blandly explained, "is the insurance captain." Both captains raised objections to every proposal Stone made for getting on with the film.

Seichi Okada, the head of the salvage company, came on board frequently. "He watched my every move in case I should try to scuttle his damned ship," recalls Stone. Hoping to interest Okada in the moviemaking and to prove to the inscrutable Japanese salvage merchant that there was no real danger (provided one did not dwell morbidly on all the things that could go wrong), Stone invited Okada to watch a scene shot in the ship's engine room. This was not a success. Down in the engine room Stone, wearing a torn shirt and dripping with perspiration, strenuously directed his grumpy, sweating actors. Assisted by several obsequious aides, Okada, a former transport minister in the Japanese government, pulled on white cotton gloves and carefully removed his immaculate pants, revealing that under them he wore white cotton drawers. "I am ready," he announced. Stone went ahead with a scene that included real fire and scalding steam jetting from broken steam lines. The fire proved too real by half. Paint ignited, and flames leaped 30 feet high, driving everyone to cover behind a bulkhead. Okada did not venture into the bowels of the ship again.

To force his way past the explosion permit problem, Stone resolved to take the ship somewhere else, as far away as possible from other vessels. The likeliest place seemed to be the bay of Sumoto, a port on the island of Awaji 20 miles away. But the insurance captain declared that it would be necessary to strengthen the bulkheads and install new steam lines before the liner could be allowed to make the trip. Stone pointed out that the *Ile de France* had successfully traveled all the way from Europe, but this left the insurance captain unmoved. Eventually Stone gave in. The work was done, causing another three days' delay and costing an additional \$30,000.

The morning the ship was due to sail, Mr. Okada came on board and told Stone, "I am sorry, it is impossible to permit you to sail today. The wind is much too strong." As far as the eye could see, the ocean was flat as a pond, unruffled by any breeze. In the end Okada agreed to let the ship go—provided that Stone paid for six tugs to move her. Conveniently, the Okada company was able to supply the tugs at a suitable price.

At Sumoto, a fishing port with a population of 50,000, the movie-makers were glad to go ashore. Stone's locally hired extras, weary of

Poised...



night and day

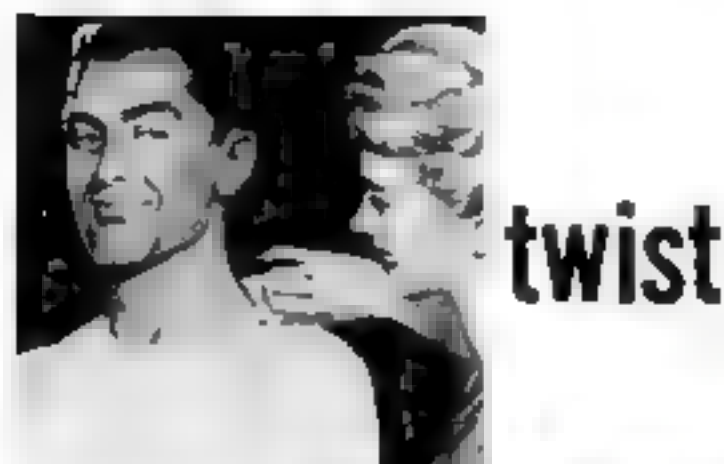


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Minneapolis 5, Minnesota



IMPERTURBABLE ACTOR, George Sanders, spent spare time playing Chopin études on piano located only few feet from jagged hole cut in salon floor.

END OF THE 'ILE' CONTINUED

being penned up, were even more eager. "Hold on to your hat," one said. "Just as soon as this guy Stone gives us some of the dough he owes us, we're going to live it up." Sumoto, a township with lingering, lively memories of the American occupation, still includes among its attractions a Cafe Charmant and a Rainbow Highball Center. As night and a drizzling rain commenced to fall, the extras from the *Ile de France* set out to keep their word—so well that the local constabulary had to be called out in force.

Dorothy Malone and her mother had decided to spend the night in one of the town's Japanese inns. Soon curious crowds of local fishermen, eager for a sight of the American women, were crowded outside their bedroom door, which had no lock. The Malones piled their hand luggage against the flimsy wood-and-paper door, but one of the fishermen merely poked a hole with an inquisitive finger, and everybody took turns peering through. The Malones spent a troubled night.

Stone himself spent a large part of the evening seated cross-legged on the straw mat floor of his Japanese room, indulging in visions of demolition. "After we knock down the forestack and blow up the grand salon and the forward hatch, we'll flood her. It will be a sensation. As the ship sinks, the water will rise in the passages as fast as the actors try to climb up the ladders." Turning to his special-effects man, Stone said, "Tell me, Augie, how much dynamite can we use without actually killing anyone?"

The pleasures of destruction

BACK on the ship next day the hung-over extras and weary professionals stood by while Stone planned the felling of the forestack. Sixty feet high and weighing 40 tons, it was to topple onto the captain's quarters. Stone wanted the falling funnel to be filmed from a shore-based helicopter, which was scheduled to take off from a baseball field on the mainland. Just as it was about to do so, a Japanese schoolboy put a baseball through its blister, rendering it temporarily hors de combat.

When the helicopter had been repaired, Stone went ahead with the forestack scene. It was an unqualified success. Everyone except the cameramen and Mrs. Sanders took cover under tarpaulins. The cameramen posted themselves at various points of vantage. Mrs. Sanders, languidly flourishing her cigaret holder, insisted on standing as close as possible to the doomed funnel. "The whole thing is completely insane," she declared with bright defiance. "The thing simply will not come down." When it did, with a crash that shook the ship, Mrs. Sanders scampered to safety, and the delighted Stones watched each other around the wreckage. At last full-scale destruction seemed inevitable.

But once again Stone had reckoned without the Okada company. When Stone called for the long-awaited sinking scene, the crafty ship-owners smuggled a professional diver on board. As the bow of the vessel began to fill with water in compliance with the M-G-M Okada contract, the diver donned rubber suit and helmet and disappeared into the hold. Presently, preceded by bubbles, he emerged to make his report. Rivets, he said somberly, were already popping, bulkheads were bulging and the bottom of the vessel was beginning to buckle. Stone wanted to keep on pouring in water until the ship sank enough at the

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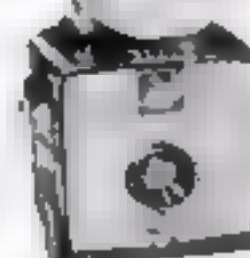


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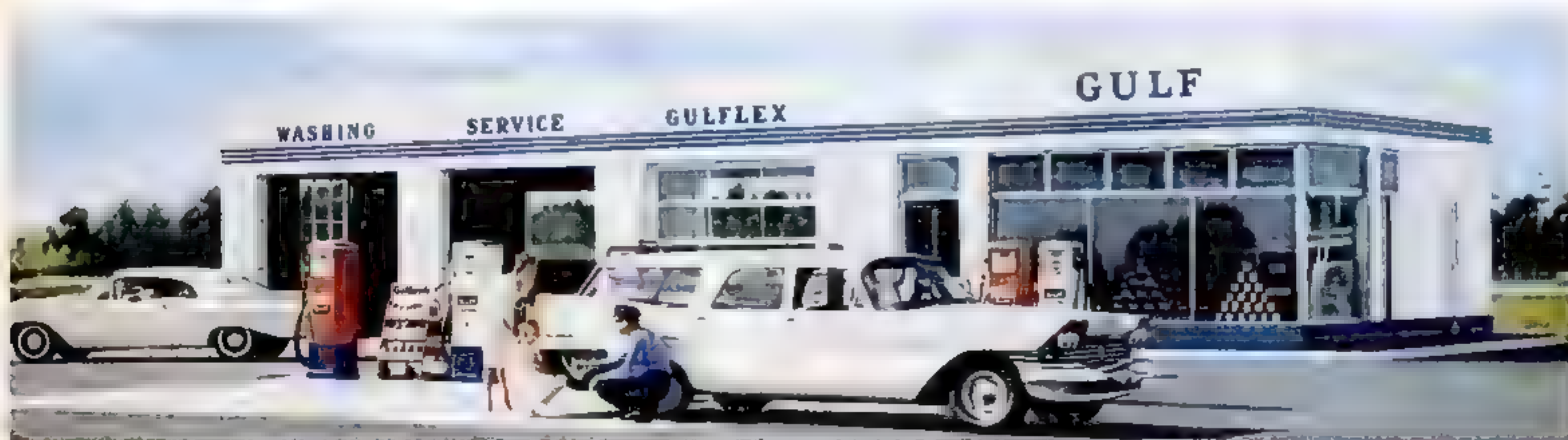


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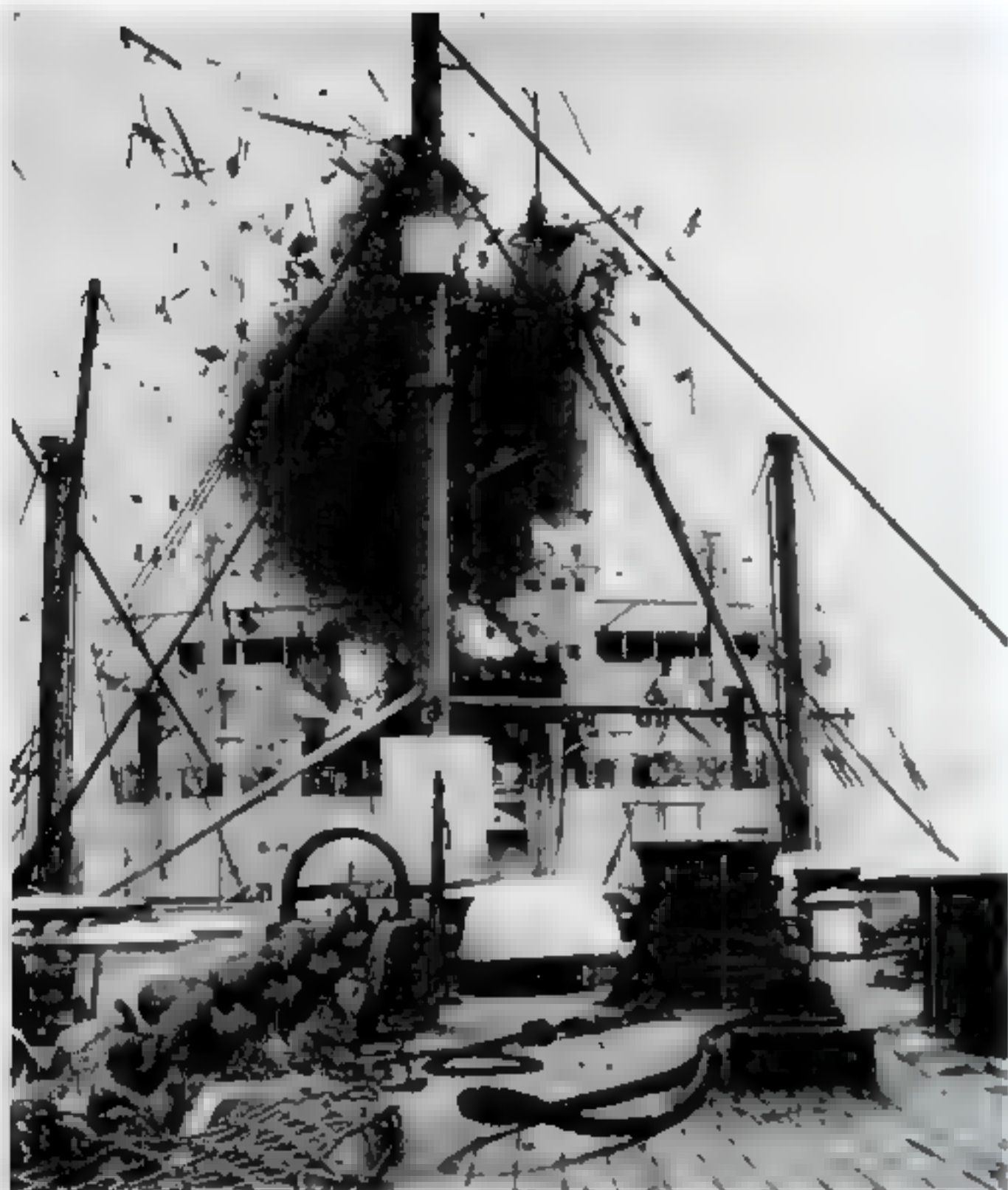
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FIERY EXPLOSION, which blew up the *Ile de France's* forward hatch, was set off even though Producer Stone's explosion permit had already expired.

END OF THE 'ILE' CONTINUED

bow for the stern propellers to appear above the water line, but the flooding was stopped after only 9,000 tons of water had been poured in. The propellers were still safely below the surface.

Stone made a desperate move. Creeping from his shipboard suite late that night after everyone had gone to bed, he reopened the valves. But in the morning the propellers were still under water. Anticipating Stone's maneuver, Okada had instructed his minions to keep watch. As soon as Stone returned stealthily to bed after opening the valves, the minions stealthily crept out and closed them again.

Okada now dealt Stone a body blow. Through his captains he announced that the major explosions could not be carried out at Sumoto at all. If they were, the captains said, it might not be possible to sail the vessel back to Osaka because the shock could affect the ship's instruments. The explosions could be staged only when the *Ile de France* was finally berthed back at Okada's scrap yard near Osaka.

It was a sullen, mutinous and waterlogged ship that wallowed out of Sumoto Bay. The extras were still hung over. Stone had not improved their tempers, for he had insisted that if none of them would leap off the top deck for pictures, they could at least fall into the sea from lowered lifeboats. Extras who complied quickly discovered that the sea around the ship swarmed with jellyfish and Portuguese men-o'-war. The Japanese crew was also disgruntled. Some of them had been working 14 and 16 hours a day. When they wearied of their toil, Stone called them a lot of sissies. The disaffection was most marked among the ship's stewards, whose ranks had been infiltrated by a number of Osaka gangsters. Under this influence the real stewards had become increasingly surly. They began congregating in small clumps and snarling "Dam' Yankee" whenever an actor walked past.

Nevertheless Stone managed to bring his unhappy ship back to Osaka Bay and fasten her to her final moorings alongside the Okada company's scrap yard. Then he proceeded with his preparations to blow up the grand salon. Already many days and dollars over his schedule, he had become obsessed with his mission of completing the explosions. The extras left aboard were not willing to risk themselves in the salon operation, but Stone dragooned a squad of Marines for the task and dressed the smaller ones in women's clothes and wigs.

Armed with his explosives permit, which he had at last wrung from the reluctant Osaka people, Stone marched into the grand salon, ready to roll. Right behind him came a Japanese official, watch in hand. "It is now 5 o'clock in the afternoon," said the official, "and your explosives permit has therefore expired." Stone refused to be deterred and the official finally gave in.

CONTINUED

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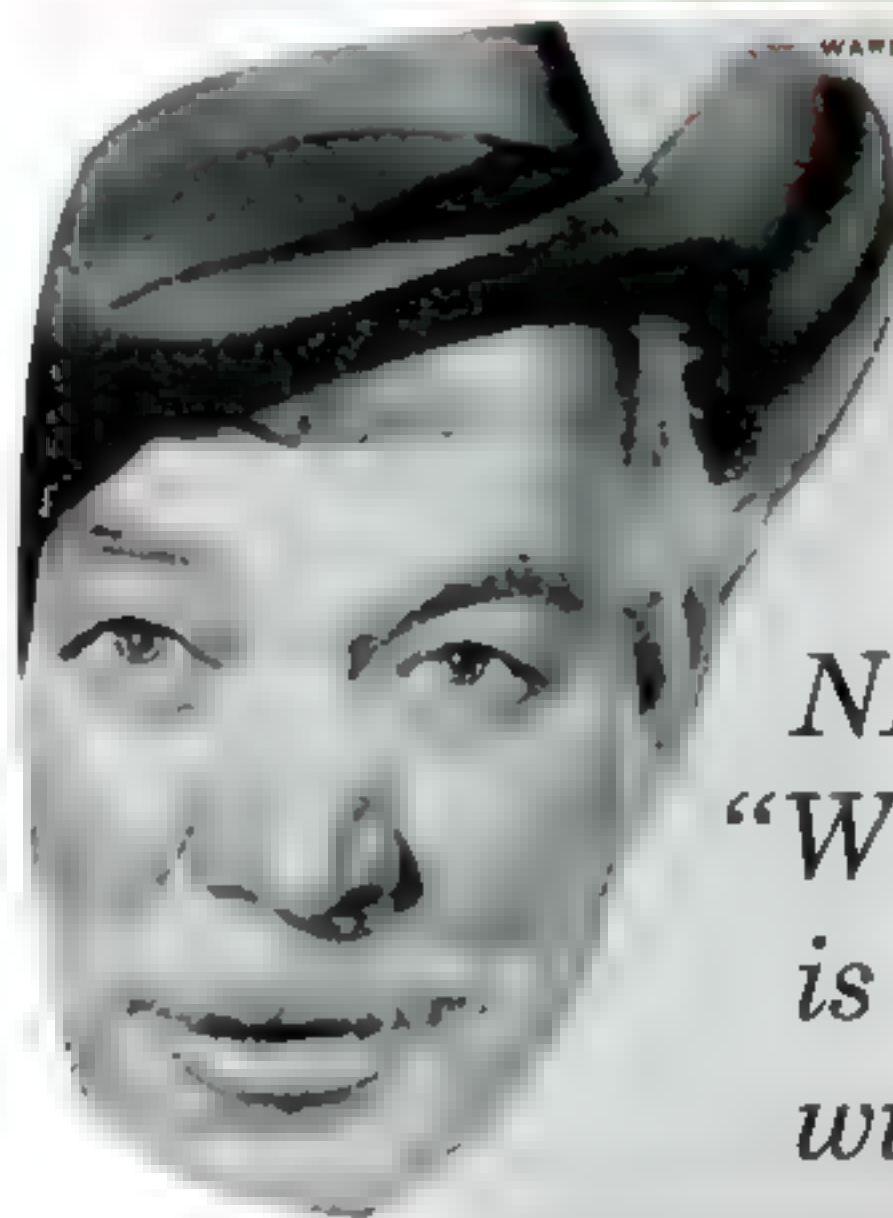


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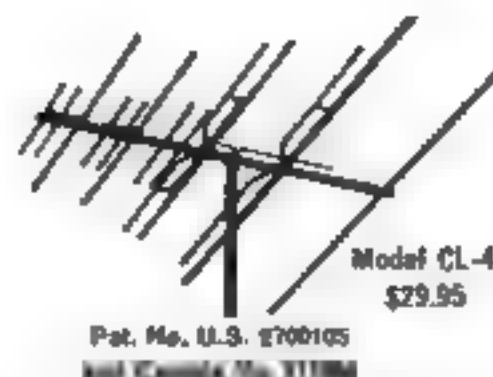
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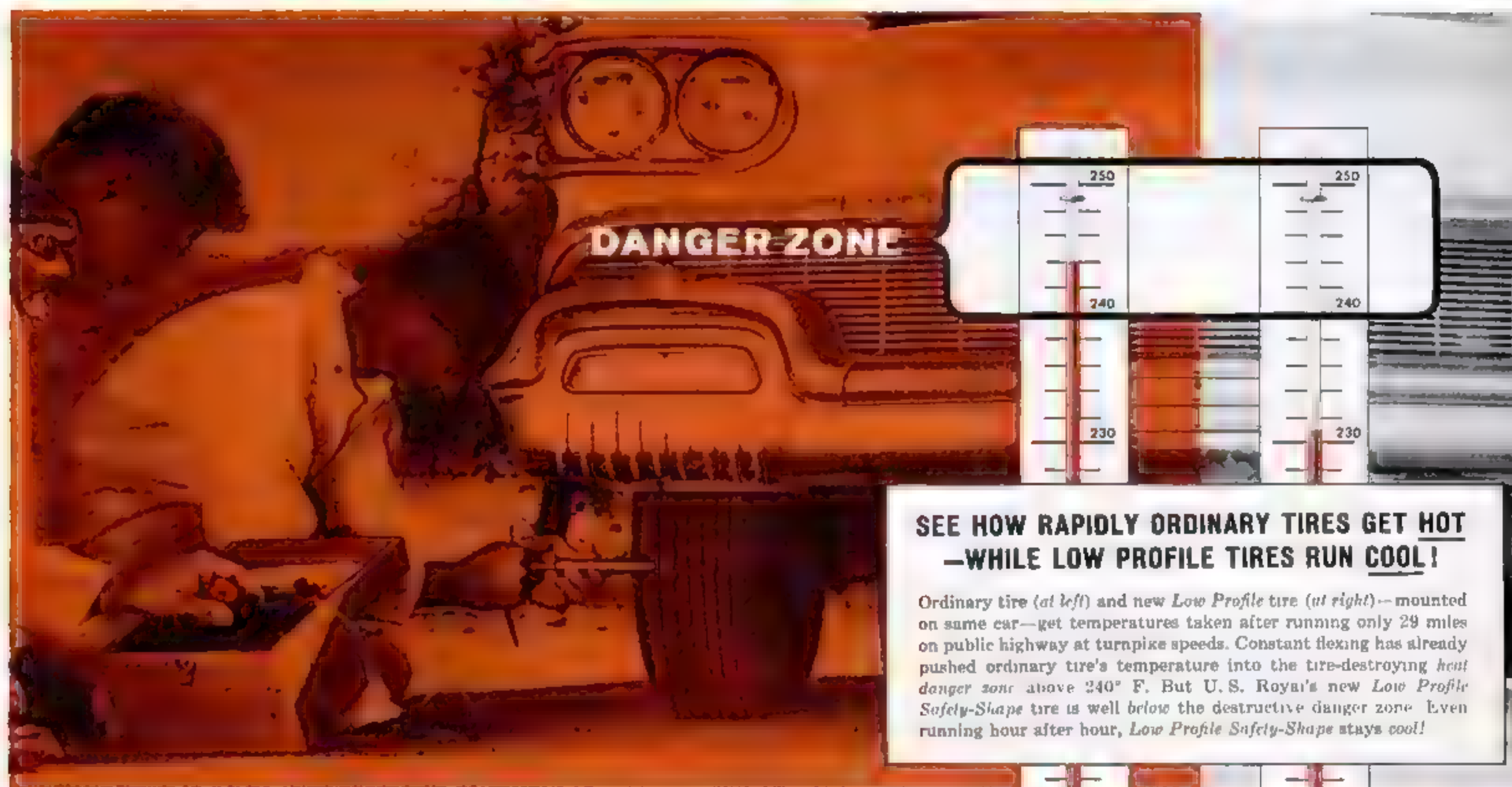
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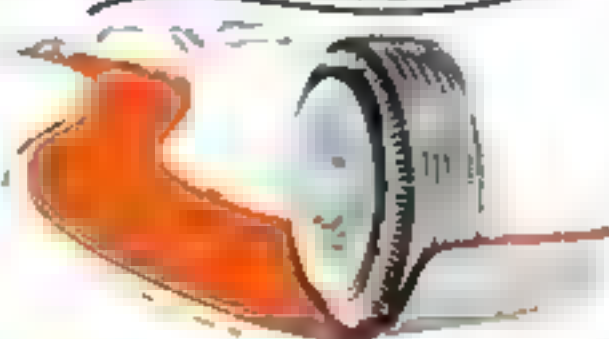
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END OF THE 'ILE' CONTINUED

All other shipping except coast-guard vessels had been warned to stay at least a mile away from the *Ile de France*. With a satisfying crash the grand salon's windows blew out and its ceiling came down. Elated, Stone promptly blew up the forward hatch. But when he started the cabin-class dining saloon fire, it got out of hand. Men standing by with hoses rushed forward to quell the blaze. So did one of the two ship's captains, who was knocked flat by a hoseful of water in the face.

Next came the flooding of the first-class dining saloon. Sandbags were stacked around part of the saloon to break the force of the water and protect the actors from being drowned. But under the impact of flood the sandbag barricade broke and actors, tables, chairs and klieg lights were swept away. The ship listed. Struggling to his feet, Edmond O'Brien dashed for the stairway. Halfway up he turned to Stone and shouted, "You're a psychopath with a death wish." He was persuaded to come back.

For the grand finale Stone planned to blast down a steel bulkhead and let 19 tons of sea water rush into the ship's engine room. But the Okada men refused permission, painting a dire picture of what would happen if Stone had his way. When Stone announced that he was going ahead, Okada mounted a counteroffensive. Returning to the ship one morning, Stone and his crew found themselves locked out. The gangwalk had been withdrawn, and Okada men, peering over the side, told Stone he could not come aboard. As for the \$100,000 worth of camera equipment still in the *Ile de France*, Okada's men triumphantly announced that this would be legally attached until Stone and M-G-M paid the balance of \$50,000 which, Okada claimed, was still due.

Stone got his party aboard anyway, swarming up a rope ladder that the ship's defenders had overlooked. After a brief hassle the Okada men fell back and the Stone party collected and removed their equipment without further interferences. "Now let Okada bargain with me," Stone said. "If he breaks the contract, he won't get his money and I have my cameras." Under this threat Okada decided to let Stone go ahead with the flooding of the engine room but turned the *Ile de France* into a dead ship by extinguishing the lights. Stone brought his own generators on board for the final scene. As the steel bulkhead went down, the cameras ground, and under the glare of klieg lights, 19 tons of water rushed in, flooding the engine room in seven seconds. At last Stone had a spectacle terrifying enough even for him.

WITH the film over, the Okada workmen set about the dismal duty of turning into scrap what Stone had left of the *Ile de France*. Back in Hollywood, Stone learned that he had exceeded the \$1 million M-G-M budget by nearly \$3 million, but the footage was terrific.

Congratulating Stone, one M-G-M executive committed what may turn out to be a grave financial error. "Say, Alex," he joked, "I guess there's nothing left for you to blow up now except the Empire State Building."

His eyes agleam, Stone reached for a pad. "What an idea!" he said, scribbling rapidly. "Imagine it! Hundreds of people in jeopardy, trapped high above the ground as the building slowly..."



WATERY FINALE, which brought Stone's spectacular abuse of the *Ile de France* to a close, came when 19 tons of water were let into the engine room.



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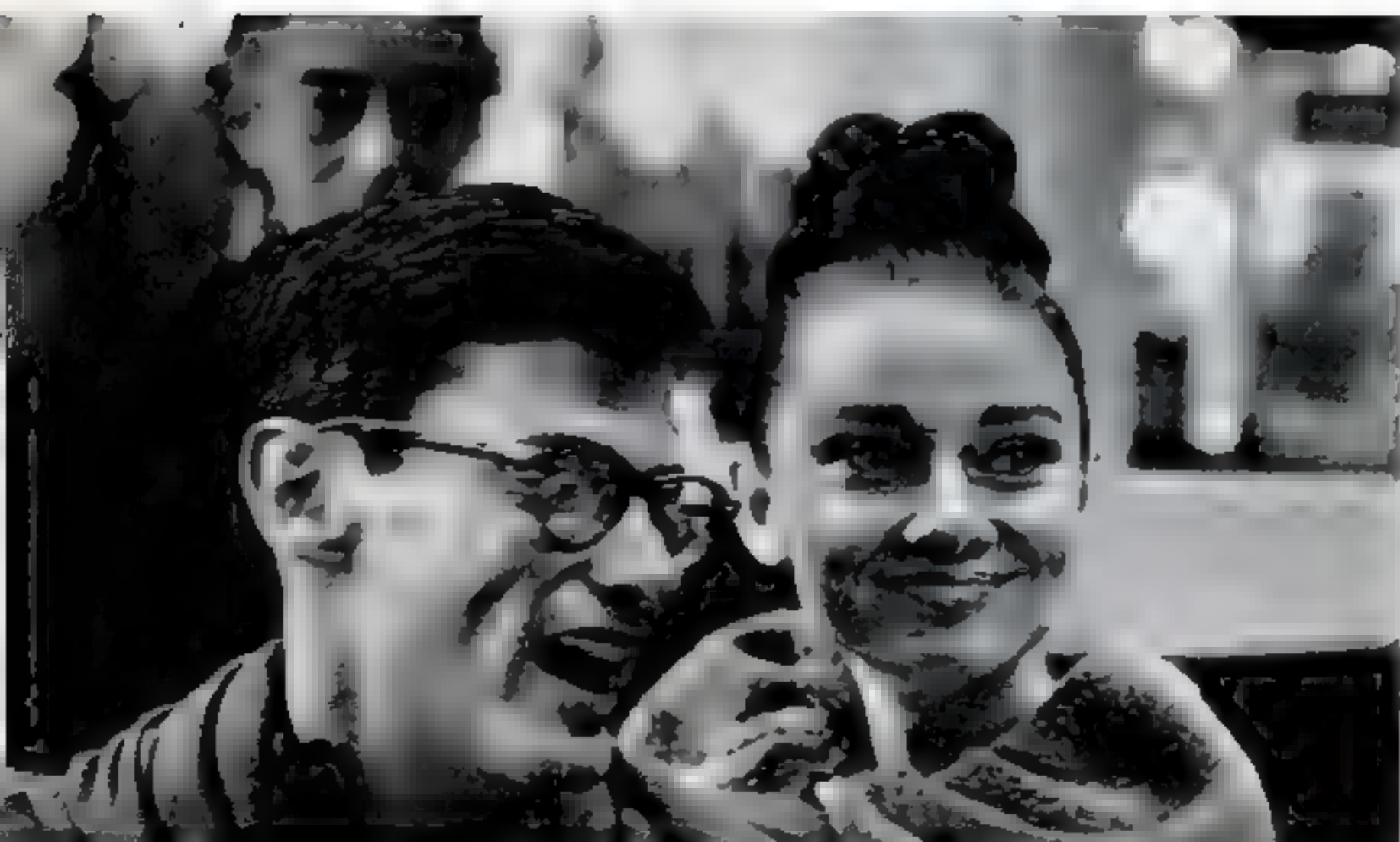
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Celebrities on a Stylish Spree

Paris, a city which is used to crazy stunts and far-out fashions, saw more of both last month when a celebrated cast of characters had themselves a ball on the city's boulevards and back alleys. Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer, Buster Keaton and Zsa Zsa Gabor, wearing clothes that ranged from the ultra-fashionable to the frankly ridiculous, went through lunatic high jinks at the urging of Photographer Richard Avedon. There was businesslike method to their madness. They were acting out a boy-meets-loses-wins-girl story for the fashion magazine *Harper's Bazaar*, which would give Audrey plenty of chances to show off clothes from the new couture collections. She wore 18 different outfits. This was slightly more than Keaton and Ferrer wore in their roles as butchers, weight lifters, cowboys, Indians and other assorted characters.

In spite of a schedule which called for a 3:30 a.m. photographing in the deserted Gare du Nord and at Maxim's after the last customer had left, they had time for clowning (right). After slim-figured Audrey had starved herself all day to fit into a Dior dress for the Maxim's scene, they all sat down to a champagne and caviar feast in the empty restaurant.

Audrey looked well in the new fashions, from Dior's highly stylized hobble skirts to the easy, low-waisted designs of some other houses. To see just how she and her friends came out in Avedon's pictures, turn the page.



Inspired by photographing at the Moulin Rouge, Keaton dropped into a Toulouse-Lautrec stance beside Zsa Zsa Gabor, who appeared in the movie *Moulin Rouge*. She wears her last year's chemise.

Good friends Avedon and Audrey worked together in *Funny Face*, in which Audrey played a model and the photographer-hero was based on Avedon and played by Astaire.

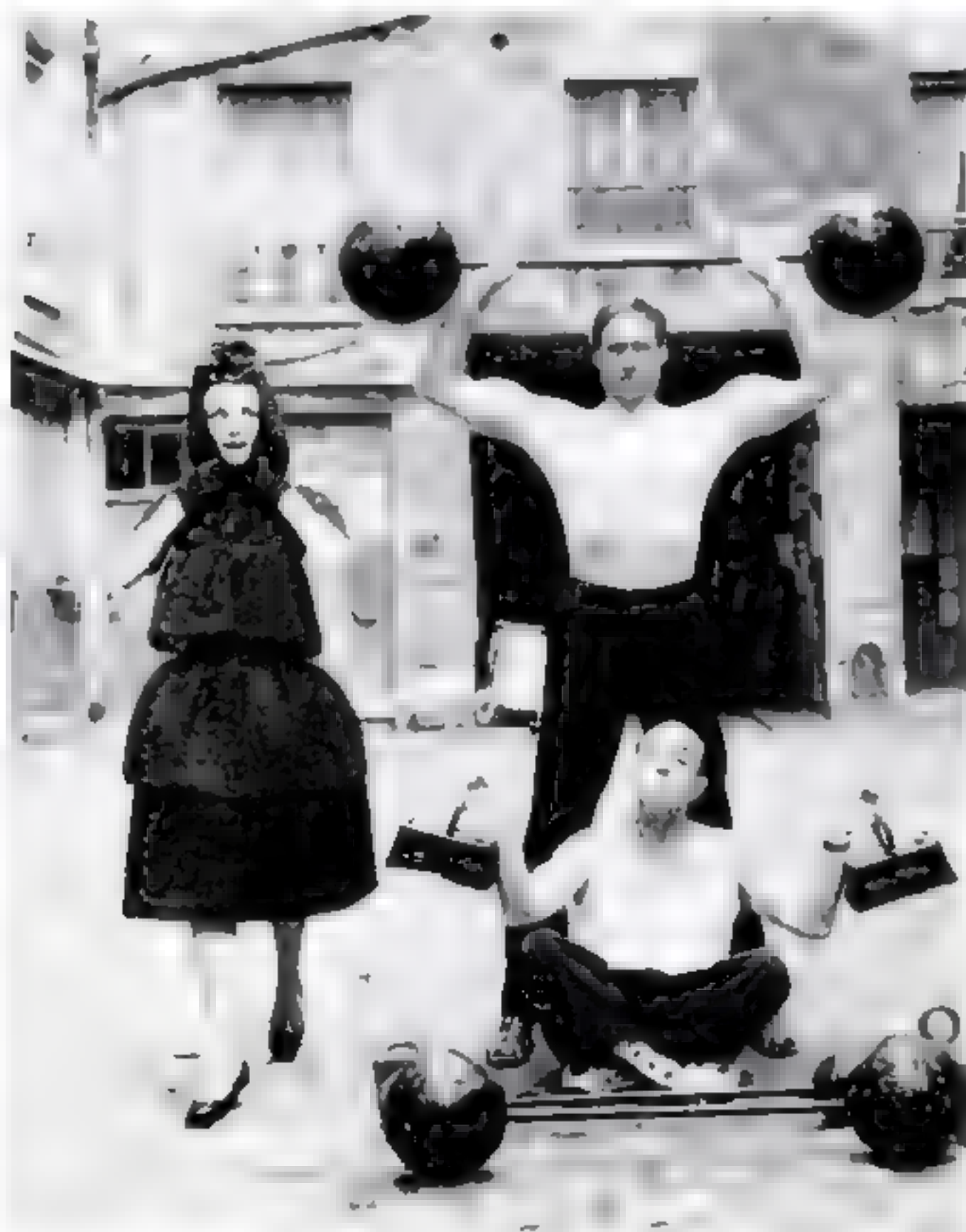


Two Audrey's as schoolgirls and one Mel appear in montage. She wears two suits by Dior, who showed short jackets though many designers went in for longer ones.

All over Paris with a comic cast in many guises



At Maxim's bar Audrey (center) wears one of Dior's most talked-about dresses. It is a beaded dress with a tight band around the knees, which reveals the kneecap when the wearer walks. She wears her hair in new high style popular in Paris



Weight lifters Keaton and Ferrer go into their act with papier-mâché barbells in a Left Bank courtyard. They ignore Audrey who wears a dropped waistline dress from Goma with a Spanish headdress.



Audrey visits a butcher shop in Montparnasse wearing a pinafore-style wool outfit by Guy Laroche. Behind the counter are Ferrer, in a luxuriant mustache and toupee, and Keaton.



and piles of Edwardian chokers which Dior showed with many evening clothes. With her in western hat is Columnist Art Buchwald. Model (left) wears '30ish dinner suit by Balmain. At right is an easy-fitting shirtwaist dinner dress from Patou.



Mel appears three times as a sailor ogling Audrey as she strolls by in Cardin coat and skirt costume with a lowered waistline. The cat was part of the plot and during the shooting bit Audrey on the neck.

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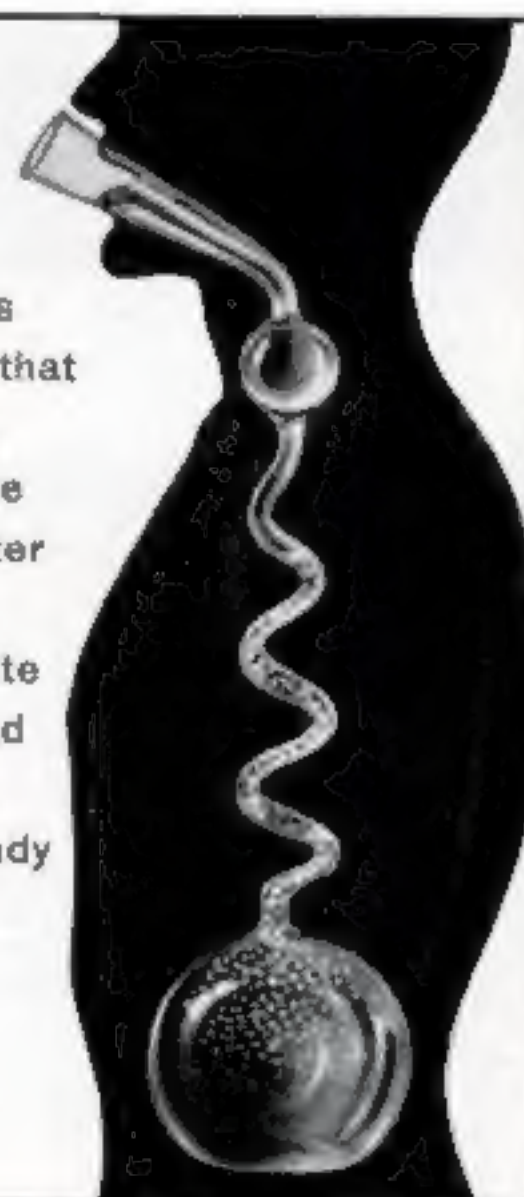
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